JOHN BULL, JULY 30, 1927

Vol. XLII. No. 1102

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE GIFT

SEE PAGE 2.

Jolly Good Company!

GALLAHER'S RICH DARK

HONEY DEW

1/0½ PER OZ 2/1D. PER TWO OZ TIN

In 1, 2, and 4-oz. decorated tins (see that the red protecting band is intact) and 2 and 4-oz. round air-tight tins. Obtainable also rubbed out for the pipe, in 1-oz. packets and 2 and 4-oz. round air-tight tins.

So long as you've got that friendly old baccy—GALLAHER'S RICH DARK—in your pipe, you've nothing to worry about. Cool, long-lasting, satisfying—ever the same—it never varies in its pleasure-giving qualities. It is the Tobacco that makes your pipe the best friend you ever had. Its handy flakes give you a longer smoke and more *pipes to the tin.*

H 250

Made by GALLAHER, LTD., Belfast and London.

STORM HAVOC!

JOHN BULL TO THE RESCUE

FIRST LIST OF CHEQUES TO SUFFERERS

Below is the first list of names of those who Benefit under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift for damage in the recent Storms and Floods:--

LONDON, W.6.—Mrs. F. Hughes, 47, Sulgrave Rd.; Mrs. J. Blundell, 41, Raynham Rd.; Mrs. K. Crouch, 109, Yeldham Rd.; Mrs. B. Chappell, 60, Richford St.; Mrs. E. Brinkley, 88a, Guinness Bldgs., Fulham Palace Rd.; Mr. E. Ashbarry, 12, Overstone Rd.; Mrs. E. Bailey, 9, Mulberry Place; Mrs. V. E. Carter, 76, Overstone Rd; Mr. Jas. Henry, 51, Bridge Ave. **LONDON, W.10.**—Mr. A. H. Terry, 11, Silchester Rd.; Mr. Thos. Barrell, 124, Bramley Rd.; Mrs. L. Lalor, 3, Acklam Rd.; Mr. F. Gray, 26, Acklam Rd. **LONDON, W.11.**—Mrs. F. Robbins, 43, Hunt St., Latimer Rd.; Mr. J. Riches, 27, Elgin Cres.; Mrs. L. M. Fowler, 278, Lancaster Rd.; Mrs. M. Johnston, 116, St. Anns Rd.; Mr. M. H. Lewis, 31, Kensington Park Rd.; Mrs. E. J. Cardwell, 277, Cornwall Rd.; Mrs. A. Cheeseman, 12, Norland Gardens; Mr. F. G. Noerr, 11, Lorne Gardens; Mr. E. A. Lee, 10, Hume Rd., Norland Rd.; Mr. J. G. L. Pretty, 23, Norland Rd.; Mrs. E. Cousins, 43, Sirdar Rd. **LONDON, S.W.11.**—Mr. W. Drake, 51, Falcon Grove; Mrs. F. Raine, 159, Northcote Rd.; Mrs. A. Greenway, 10, Newman St., Falcon Rd.; Mr. R. Egerton, 8, Gideon Rd., Lavender Hill; Mrs. H. Poole, 10, Este Rd., Falcon Rd.; Mrs. T. Chubb, 16, Newman St., Falcon Rd; Mr. W. F. Walker, 29, Bennesley Rd., Northcote Rd.; Mrs. G. Oakley, 86, Grayshott Rd. Mr. R. G. Sewell, 55a, Northcote Rd. **LONDON, W.12.**—Mrs. G. Harvey, 6, Thornfield Rd.; Mrs. M. Edworthy, 44, Devonport Rd.; Mrs. E. Lee, 15, Tadmor St.; Mrs. E. Wright, 9, Tadmore St.; Mr. A. E. Bishop, 13, Coverdale Rd. **LONDON, W.14.**—Mr. Jas. Webber, 23, Addison Gardens; Mrs. M. Walker, 156, Blythe Rd.; Mrs. J. A. Griffiths, 138, Blythe Rd.

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OLDHAM.—Mrs. H. Birchall, 29 Chadderton Fold, Chadderton; Mrs. A. Jones, 16, Chadderton Fold, Nr. Royton; Mr. A. Radcliffe, 24, Chadderton Fold, Royton Lane, Chadderton; Mr. G. Winterbottom, 12, Shaw Rd.; Mrs. E. Wilde, 23, Ash St.; Mr. W. H. Taylor, 23, Edge Lane Rd.; Mrs. F. Fraser, 48, Spencer St.; Mr. W. Shipman, 5, Sarah Moor; Mrs. A. G. Balson, 28, Union St., Royton; Mrs. W. H. Rothwell, 51, Shaw Rd.; Mrs. A. Duxbury, 4, Blackshaw Lane, Shaw.

DURHAM.—Mr. J. Hall, 86, Victoria St., Shotton Coll.; Mr. E. Luke, 46, Sixth St., Horden Coll. Mr. J. Lamb, 89, Victoria St., Shotton Coll.; Mr. J. Metcalf, 3, Silver St., Shotton Coll.; Mr. B. Wood, 28, Bertram St., Tyne Dock; Mr. J. H. Jones, 42, Sixth St., Horden Coll.

BUXTON.—Mrs. E. Barnett, 9, Charles St.; Mrs. J. Heathcote, 3, Ash Terr., Hogshaw; Mrs. E. Phillips, 10, Ash Terr.; Mrs. R. Boniface, 8, Ash Terr.; Mr. L. Lord, 5, Ash Terr.; Mr. J. B. Gyte, 7, Ash Terr., Lightwood Rd.

DARLESTON.—Mrs. E. Potts, 95, Station St.; Mr. G. E Groves, 94, Station St.; Mrs. C. Hale, Cemetery Rd., James Bridge.

SUNDERLAND.—Mr. J. F. M. Broomfield, 1, Devonshire St., Monkwearmouth; Mr. T. W. Black, 17, Green Tce.; Mr. J. Oliver, 84afford Lane, Whitburn Village; Mrs. R. Race, 85-7, Rutland St., Pallion.

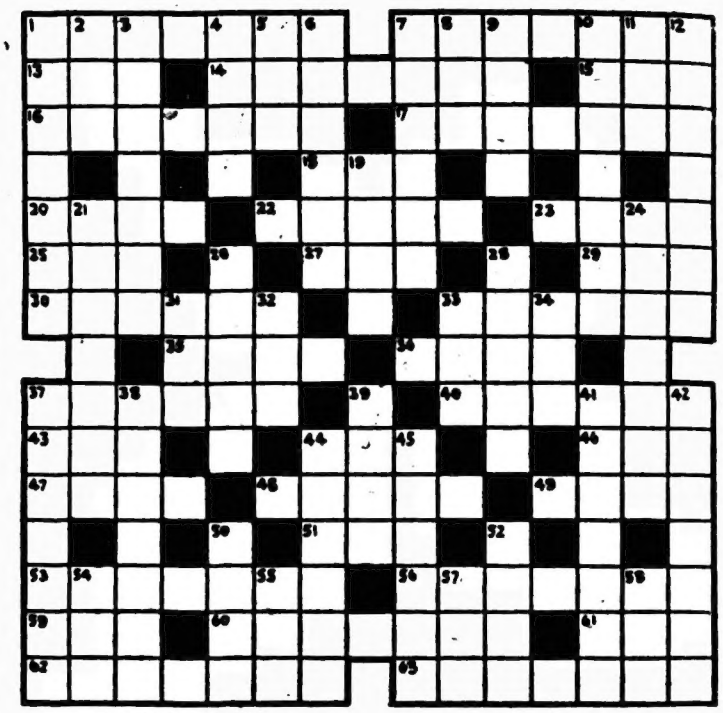
WALSALL.—Mrs. D. M. Freeman, 52, Bentley Lane; Mrs. M. Brookes, 4, Bk., 3, Hatherton St.; Mrs. H. Marshall, 1, Bk., 2, Hatherton St.

Owing to lack of space many names have been unavoidably omitted.

"JOHN BULL"—the ONLY Paper that pays Storm and Flood Benefits.

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Test of Wits



CLUES DOWN.

1. The devil.
2. Female of the hart.
3. A word puzzle.
4. Whirling.
5. Expire.
6. Milfoil.
7. Pay in advance.
8. Youth.
9. Central.
10. To enliven.
11. 252 gallons.
12. Locomotives.
19. A pain.
21. Pertaining to the Syrian language.
24. To double on one's track.
26. Foreigner.
28. Conflict.
31. Winged animal.
32. Stray.
33. Moor hillock.
34. A slight bow.
37. Nickname for young girl.
38. Mined.
39. For washing.
41. Short oratorio.
42. To choose again.
44. A raised edge.
45. A single respiration.
50. Water softener.
52. Untamed.
54. Crude metal.
55. Tear.
57. Merry.
58. A metal.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Mournful event.
7. To conciliate.
13. An age.
14. A drawing.
15. Religious woman.
16. A winding course.
17. Supervising literary effort.
18. Smart tap.
20. Sour.
22. Pertaining to a particular place.
23. Farm building.
25. An epoch.
27. For what reason.
29. Raised sand.
30. Wander.
33. Principles.
35. Light.
36. Kind of whist.
37. Quicker.
40. Yorkshire town.
43. Illuminated
44. Watch pocket.
46. High card.
47. Land measure.
48. Fright.
49. Leg-joint.
51. Monkey.
53. Parched maize.
56. Arouse.
59. Before.
60. Pertaining to the fingers.
61. Facial neuralgia.
62. Excessive official formality.
63. Water valve.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 28.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age .....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 30/7/27.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

J.B. 30/7/27.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon-Value 2d

This Coupon will be accepted as **2d.** in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented **FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil.** Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), **ANY DATES,** may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip 3d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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You will find this magnificent "John Bull" Pen and Free 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil ready for every writing emergency on your holiday, whether it is to jot down the time of a train or write a letter or postcard. Accept this wonderful offer before you start!

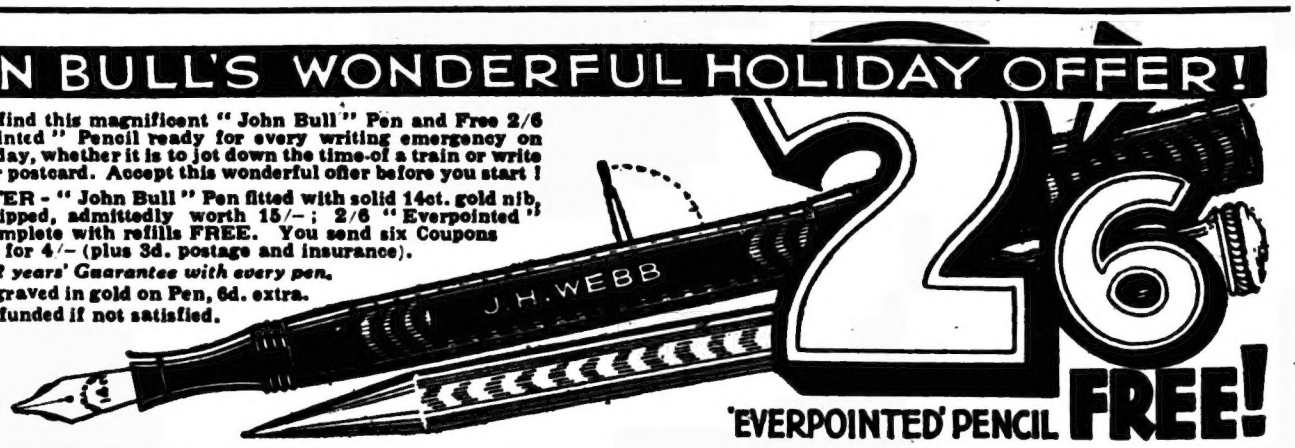
THE OFFER - "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, admittedly worth 15/-; 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil complete with refills FREE. You send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance).

Written 2 years' Guarantee with every pen.

Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

14ct. Solid gold nib. Iridium tipped.



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RUN your fingers over your face after using a Gillette Blade. Be critical. Notice especially the corners of the jaw—the point of the chin and other difficult to shave places!

You find smoothness everywhere. Not a trace of beard growth left.

The Gillette Blade is made of the finest blade steel under a perfected process of manufacturing. Vigilant inspections ensure consistent high quality.

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In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) ... **4/6** Per packet of 5 (10 shaving edges) ... **2/3**

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SWEET MAKING TAUGHT personally or by mail. Distance no object. Wonderful new system, quick and easily learnt. Practically no outlay. Kitchen Utensils only required, except Thermometer. Money can be made in spare time, supplying shops with pure unadulterated sweets. Call or write and get particulars of wonderful opportunity. Openings everywhere, city or country, and success guaranteed. 2d. stamp, particulars.—**LIBERTY CANDY CO., Dept. J.B., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.**

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide. Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

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SPECIFICATION: Frame 22in., 24in., 26in. Heavily plated Dunlop Rims. Beautifully lined "Rustproof" Frame with 4 coats enamel. Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Double Lever Roller Brakes. Guaranteed for 50 years. British made throughout. Carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain. ONLY 3/- a DAY

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CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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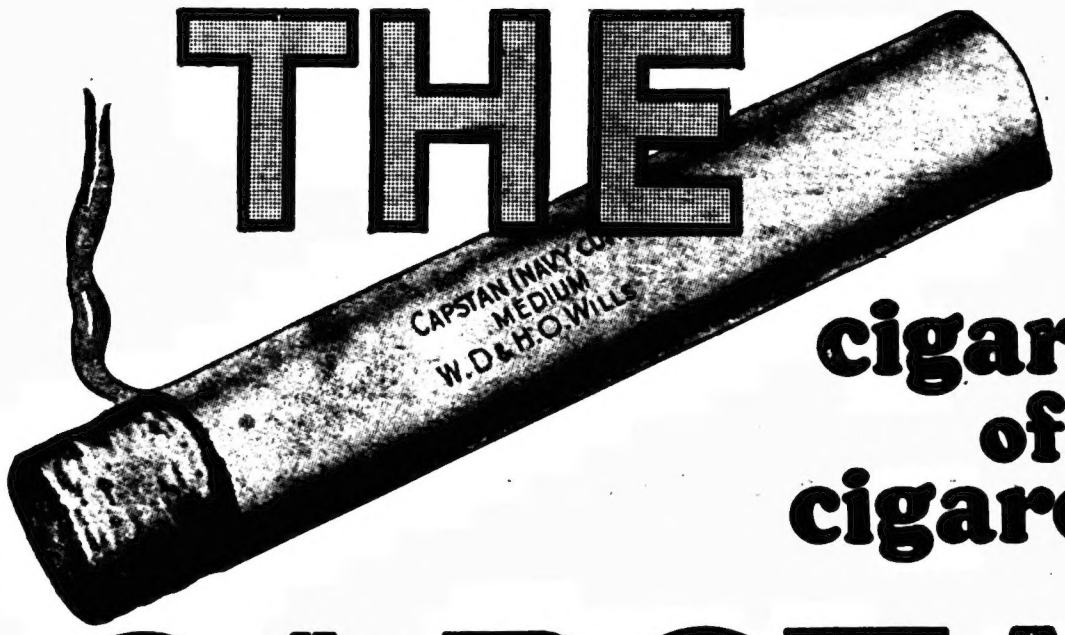

cigarette of cigarettes

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NAVY CUT

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.41W.

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In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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5/- DEPOSIT and 5/- weekly secures any tyre up to list price £2; 7/6 weekly over £2. No interest charges. No enquiries. Also Accessories. —London Car Co., 43, Villiers Street, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est 1879

YOUNG MAN KNOW YOURSELF! Read T. B. Portington's plain talk on self-control in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. all agts.

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Vol. XLII. No. 1102.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

So Little Done.

Parliament breaks up after a session barren of any legislative achievement except the Trade Unions Bill—and that was raising a crop of thistles. It is to be hoped the Government will have richer seeds for the autumn sowing.

The Blind Eye.

The worst is that M.P.s scatter for three months' holiday without having done anything whatever to solve the unemployment problem. Bad enough now, it will be worse in the winter.

Lesser and Lesser.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain foreshadows further decrease in size for subsidised houses. "The front is at the front and the back is at the back," runs the song, but this is going one better. Front and back are to meet—with hardly room to squeeze in.

"Our" Land.

"Millions of human beings," says the *Commonwealth*, "gasping out lives in slum filth, forced sardine-like into tenements, one family on top of the other, storey upon storey, yet with more than seventy-six million acres of land all around them!" Put like that it does seem a bit like insanity.

Cut Out the Profiteer.

A shilling for twenty bags of cabbages, 5s. 2d. for five tons of produce—such incidents should get farmers together to do their own selling. A farmers' "Co-op." in East Anglia turns over nearly a million a year. Why not everywhere?

Cut the Cackle Too.

Protection and subsidies are no remedy whatever for farmers' troubles. They merely mean more profits for middleman and landowner at the cost of the consumer. The country can't stand it.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish.

Figures demonstrating that the English lace trade has lost £18 in the foreign market for every £5 gained in the home market have been adduced in Parliament. Protectionists still pin their faith to the tax. None are so blind as those who won't see.

Nottingham Gains.

That unemployment has declined in Nottingham no one disputes. Hearing of distress the Queen wore lace. Other women followed. Fashion is a fickle jade, but she can make a market quicker than tariffs.

Dinna Forget.

"Good packing brings good business" and "Perfect packing promotes purchases" are slogans of the Empire Marketing Board. We would add another. Lower prices bring goods to tables that want, but are unable to afford them.

Clubs *v.* Pubs.

There must be no general attack on workingmen's clubs while rich men enjoy immunity. Abuses can always be put down and no legislation, further than the good sense and sobriety of the members themselves, is needed to do it.

What's Wrong.

If one good arc lamp in a street is better than two policemen, so are decent houses in garden surroundings the best preventives of over-indulgence in intoxicants. An allotment is better than a lecture for promoting sobriety.

Corporation Canniness.

Sheffield proposes to add a public-house to one of its housing estates. Built on model lines, with indoor and outdoor amusements, the sale of intoxicants will be of secondary importance. Only silly people will oppose the experiment.

Tall Stories.

Sad revelations as to fish profiteering are being unfolded before the Food Council. One fact stands out bleak and clear amid the complicated difficulties. The fisherman who takes the risk gets precious little else, not even his fair share.

A Good Move.

To train cottage workers in handicrafts and help them to buy raw materials and market their goods is the idea of Mrs. Rowland Clegg, wife of the chairman of the Education Authority of Shropshire. Trained people are needed. They know how to help themselves.

Women 'Fore!

Nearly nine years have passed since women won the right to become M.P.s, yet few are even yet adopted candidates. A bit more political keenness on the part of the fair sex might waken things up a bit. It's needed.

Greater Love——

Stopping a bolting horse, and saving endangered lives from death, Richard Howels, a Drefach miner, lost his own. He gave himself, and the man who does that leaves a fragrant memory.

STORM HAVOC

ON page 2 this week we announce the first batch of payments to registered readers whose homes have suffered as a result of the recent disastrous storm. The damage caused by this storm has proved to be even more extensive than at first seemed probable.

Our representatives are still busy in various parts of the country inspecting the damage caused to readers' homes, and as their reports are received, cheques are being promptly despatched.

This demonstrates that John Bull's Great Free Insurance has come to the rescue in the hour of emergency.

For Future Eyes.

In the concrete foundations of New Kingsley Hall, Bow, workers in the East End sealed a message to posterity describing the poverty and suffering in the world to-day. Yet the world is richer and cleverer than ever before. That's the mystery.

Stuff and Rubbish.

Lord Eustace Percy's opinion that "the reading habit is one of the greatest dangers to modern civilisation" is the queerest a Minister of Education could utter. Ill-educated readers, unable to discriminate, are in danger, but that's another matter.

Expert Opinion.

Bricklayers and masons at their annual conference condemned many houses now being built as unfit for the people. The erection of stuff doomed to become slum doesn't appeal to men who know what a bit of decent bricks and mortar should be like.

The Big Noise.

Twenty-four news editors from the United States are touring Europe in the interests of international peace. That's big news, though made little of. The pen is still mightier than the sword.

In U.S.A.

An American, Lloyd W. Bertaud, flying with mails, saw a village house afire below and gave the alarm, saving life. That's a new use for an aeroplane, and one the world can approve.

Cementing It.

At last the Churches are out for world peace. Every shade of religious opinion, from Land's End to John o'Groats, has met in a London reunion to promote it. Peace, even as charity, must begin at home.

More Taboo.

Sunday is the only day that thousands have at liberty and that's why the Wesleyan Conference errs in "condemning" the holding of political meetings on that day. To dam up healthy outspokenness is only to provoke big explosions later.

The Remedy.

Scotland Yard is on the look-out to trap a group of wealthy young people whose new "amusement" is the issuing of thousands of bogus invitations. Idleness is the real trouble. It is as evil at one end of society as the other.

Experience Teaches.

Col. C. J. Fox, retiring after thirty-two years' service as chief officer of London's Salvage Corps, says most fires are caused by carelessness when not deliberately intended. The lesson should sink home. Carelessness has no place in a complex civilisation such as ours.

Danger Toys.

Firemen are "deadly enemies" of celluloid, especially for playthings. Those with kiddies to care for should take notice of this opinion. The fire bell isn't nice to hear where children are about.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Good Training.

Over 90 per cent. of the past pupils of the Royal School for deaf and dumb children at Margate are in employment, either as tailors, printers, boot-makers, carpenters, or dressmakers, cooks and laundry-workers. All honour to an institution that can do so well with boys and girls thus physically handicapped.

Scandalous Wait.

A collier, John Christopher, who was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for theft at Neath, had been in prison three months awaiting trial. This is fair neither to the country that has to pay for his keep nor to the man who is kept from his home and employment six times as long as his sentence demands.

Pity the Poor Farmer.

The price for locally grown new potatoes at Spilsby has declined from £10 to £6 per ton, hardly as much as the last of the old crop fetched. The cause of reduction is attributed to the importation of foreign potatoes. What is the use of crying "Back to the land" if the home produce is to be crowded out?

Miner's Pittance.

"Blowed if I will take that from a man with such a wage and keeping his mother!" was the indignant exclamation of Judge Turner, at Mansfield, when a miner, earning 27s. a week and also maintaining his mother, offered to pay 2s. monthly to satisfy a judgment summons by a debt-collector. We are glad to add that the judge was as good as his word and reduced the amount to 1s. monthly.

Praise for L.G.O.C.

Purely on sympathetic grounds, the London General Omnibus Company has offered, subject to medical examination, to re-instate Edward Thomas, a conductor, dismissed from its employ on account of irregularities, and accused of attempted suicide as a resulting depression. The personal and human touch of a big concern towards an employe is one that pays in the long run.

Dangerous Delay.

Playing with her comrades near three condemned houses at Mold, little Alyn Jones, aged seven, was struck on the head and buried by their sudden collapse. Cannot houses proclaimed unfit for habitation be pulled down at once? The method of leaving such structures until there is an accident savours too much of shutting the stable-door after the horse has gone.

Sin Most Wicked.

The appeal of John Ernest Thomas Clark has been dismissed by Mr. Justice Salter as "frivolous." We thoroughly agree that this vile creature must suffer the maximum sentence. He carried on an abominable trade with people addicted to vice, sold improper prints and photographs, and was a corrupter of morals. He who steals a purse may steal trash, but he who steals a nation's virtues steals its very life.

Handicapping the Public.

Are the police the masters or the servants of the people? We ask the question after reading that telephone enquiries with reference to lost property are to be forbidden owing to the growth of this practice. Is it seriously contended that personal application would create less congestion? We submit it would have a contrary effect, beside placing a burden upon the public. The authorities must reconsider the matter.

Canal Cheers.

A British crowd is never backward in recognising and applauding pluck, hence Mr. James Marks found himself carrying home the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Cordell, of Hoxton, whom he had rescued from the Regent's Canal, to the cheers of many who had witnessed the brave action. It says much for Mr. Marks that while so many watched in suspense the struggles of the youngster, wondering what to do, he plunged in and did it.

Picking a Living.

Edmonton has been improved by up-to-date sewage works at a cost of £180,000. The whole of the job has been done by out-of-works. Clerks, jewellers, bootmakers and hundreds of others who never in their lives before handled pick or shovel have put their backs to the business and enjoyed it. Edmonton has given the Government a fine lead!

Plunder Profits.

Selling them at 7½d. a tin, Queensland sent over to this country a consignment of pineapples. The person reselling them in this country got 2s. 6d. a tin. "We do not seem able to control distribution," says Mr. M'Cormack, the Premier. And why? Because no Government has yet attempted the task. But it is one that will have to be tackled very shortly if the people are to live.

Miners' Playground.

Pencoed miners, at a cost of £2,000, much personal effort and a gift of seven acres of land, have been fitted up with grounds comprising rugby, soccer and hockey pitches, tennis-courts and bowling-greens. Picturesquely situated, not lacking flower-beds or a children's corner, these grounds are a fitting attempt to bring colour into the lives of workers underground.

Lame Excuse.

Old enough to have realised that a girl of fourteen, whatever her actions, could only enjoin on him to behave as her protector, we have scant sympathy for Arthur Algernon Reid, fifty-nine, of Middlesbrough, sentenced to two months' imprisonment for assault on a girl in a kinema. His plea that the girl had been knocking him in the back with her knee and annoying him is a miserable excuse for an unforgivable wrong.

The Human Machine

Man Supreme!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE is a thing that most people forget the minute they come up against a real snag. A man in the depths of despair is surprisingly ready to forget that whatever happens he is still a man.

He is still a man, with all his brain and nerve and muscle; with all his potential domination over Nature and circumstance; with all his will and energy and determination.

To see some men when they are "up against it" you would think they were not men at all, but pricked balloons!

After all, man is the dominant creature of creation because he can think and reason, plan and foresee.

And you are a man. Never forget that, no matter how dark the present nor how gloomy the future.

Because you are a man you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself if ever you give up hope and surrender yourself to despair.

The whole history of civilisation is the history of how men have shaped Nature to their own ends—and what has been done can be done again.

WHAT others have done, you can do—unless, of course, you haven't got the spirit of a mouse!

One of the great assets of life is not only to see things, but to see through them to what lies beyond and behind.

The man who can dig through facts to causes and can understand *why* is the man who is one day going to do something big in the world.

There is no animalin theworld, save man, who can do this. Remember it next time you wonder why you are condemned to be alive—and get busy!

Brave Mother.

Though nearly unconscious in her still smouldering clothes, Mrs. Pilcher, of Blackfriars, who had been seen in flames by a neighbour and wrapped round by her with a rug, found just enough voice to whisper, "Don't mind about me. My baby is upstairs alone with a candle burning." This type of courage equals that of a man wounded in battle. We hope that a speedy recovery will be her reward of valour.

Nurse's Ordeal.

Accustomed to doing odd jobs about the workhouse of which he was inmate, Harvey Grice, because a nurse reported him for throwing blankets over her head and trying to seize her, used filthy language to her. He further by way of revenge climbed up to her bedroom window and struck her twice. He has been committed to prison for seven weeks. It is a pity that no one has taught him to be decent to women.

Poor Girl.

Found drowned in the canal at Blackheath, Staffordshire, it was proved at the inquest on Mary Maria Taylor, aged seventeen, that her mind had been unhinged because she had lost her situation and as holidays approached would have no money for new clothes or motor-coach rides. But behind lay a taint of hereditary insanity. What a silent plea for better teaching of sex hygiene to those about to marry!

A Father's Disgrace.

Because he disputed the necessary fees, Frederick George Lee, of Valence Avenue, Becontree, left his twin children unburied from just before Christmas until Midsummer. Summoned by the authorities, Lee at last saw the mites taken from the mortuary and put under ground. That he got off with a payment of 4s. costs is amazing. Some magistrates would certainly have given him the punishment of imprisonment.

A Silly Squabble.

Mrs. Kent, the Kensington property owner who challenged the right of her tenants in Warwick Chambers to instal telephones, has "agreed to allow" the instruments. She does well. But she would have done better had she never raised "objections" and saved the money all the legal proceedings have cost. Telephones are a necessary adjunct to civilisation. To oppose their use is, in every sense, pitting petty interests against an important Government department.

Search Them Out.

If "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn" what can be said of brutes who indulge in savage cruelty to a helpless baby? The horror of the baby in the rabbit-hole, found buried alive in Laundry Wood at Etchingham, must be cleared up. Thanks to the swift action of Mr. Parker and his wife, who heard its feeble wail while cycling from Hastings, the tiny life is saved. No effort must be spared to find and punish the miscreants who intended to suffocate it.

Tea Taboo.

We cannot understand the Duchess of Norfolk's refusal to allow refreshments to be served at the bandstand enclosure on Littlehampton Common. The council having built a dance-hall costing £2,000 was prepared to abide by her decision that no meals should be provided. But to prohibit those who come to hear music from having tea seems churlish, besides putting a stop to one of the easiest ways of making the bandstand self-supporting.

Given a Chance.

Earning only 26s. a week since 1923, Louise Walton, of Barry Dock, has been placed on probation for twelve months, and ordered to repay within that period the £52 11s.4d. she has embezzled from her employers. The sentence, undoubtedly lenient, has its problem. While urging Louise, who is only twenty-four, to keep straight at all costs, we can only hope work will be found for her that will give her some chance of clearing her debt.

Helping Home-Seekers.

The Llanelly Corporation has devised a scheme for assisting workmen to buy their houses. Weekly sums of 19s. 5d. a week for houses costing £420, and 21s. 4d. for those costing £440, are arranged to cover expenses, including ground-rents and the 10 per cent. deposit required by the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act. That 100 applications have been received for fifty houses tells its own tale.

Humane Killing.

The Duchess of Hamilton is right in saying that it is an utter disgrace and shame that it should be left to a humane society to erect a model abattoir, for the humane slaughter and hygienic treatment of meat, in which as a nation we are far from being pioneers. Costing £30,000, the building erected at Letchworth is the first of its kind and it is to be hoped that Government enterprise will ensure its not being the last.

When Duty Calls.

The collapse of the two old houses in the Regent Street district once more focuses our attention upon the never-failing gallantry of London's splendid firemen. Within a few minutes of the disaster they were methodically working to remove the *debris*, though they were almost choked and in danger of injury or death. It was sufficient for them that suffering men and women were in need. All honour to these fine fellows.

A Big Job.

A seventieth birthday resolve of a Cowes organ builder was to build a house for himself and his wife. Now after four years, by being successively his own architect, bricklayer, glazier, carpenter, joiner, plumber, painter and mason, he owns a pretty ten-roomed, two-storied home, fitted with casement windows and electric light. We congratulate this veteran on his herculean task, and trust he may enjoy many years happiness in the result of its accomplishment.

Profitable Change.

Transference of business is not always good for employees. But 160 workers in the Bon Marché, Gloucester, have reason to rejoice, for, as a result of a recent changing of hands, amounts from £2 19s. to upwards of £1,000, according to rank and length of service, have been distributed among them, including £1 a week annuity to the oldest employee in addition to her salary. Employers who ensure that a change implies one for the better are those to be admired and emulated.

Humanity at Liverpool.

"One conviction does not necessarily say a man has not a good character" is a pronouncement of the Liverpool Stipendiary with which we thoroughly agree. On hearing that a pedlar had been refused a licence because once he served a month for theft, and finding that for two years the applicant had made real effort to rehabilitate himself, the magistrate reversed the police decision. "Give a fellow a chance" is ever a better motto than "Give a dog a bad name and hang it."

Heroes Both.

Not even the most drastic stickler for economy could object to the civil pensions which have just been granted to Drs. G. A. Pirie, of Dundee, and G. C. W. Williams, of London. The eyes and hands of the former have been seriously affected, while the latter has undergone eight operations in fifteen years owing to experimental work with X-rays. Each is in receipt of a yearly allowance from the Carnegie Hero Fund. Men who sacrifice so much for the good of their fellows are deserving of the best that the world has to give.

Kipling Crossword Echo.

George Kipling, of High Street, Southend, who has been running a series of crossword puzzle competitions, has just been sued by a dissatisfied competitor for entrance-fees alleged to have been obtained by false pretences. The magistrates upheld this view and fined Mr. Kipling £50. As we understand that the latter intends to appeal, we refrain from commenting on this case, but we would remind our readers that a warning against these particular competitions appeared in JOHN BULL over six months ago.

Faithful unto Death.

Surely a more heroic action was never performed than that of Pilot-Officer Shorter and Aircraftsman L. Rogers, who were killed when their machine crashed in flames to the ground at Camberley. To the honour of the Air Force be it recorded that the plane was kept flying long enough to allow all underneath to escape. Such deeds are the stuff of which a nation's songs should be made.

A Flaw in the Law.

The new Companies Bill bans the sale of shares to the public by personal canvass, yet if a person can first be persuaded to purchase a few shares by post he is not regarded as one of the public and further stock can be loaded upon him by jazz salesmen with impunity. This is what happened in the recent case where a lady was tricked by Maurice Singer. The scandal is heightened by the fact that the offender has escaped to America, though JOHN BULL urged the authorities to curb his activities many months ago.

Bathing Belle Echo.

Following our exposure of Edward Cook's bathing belle venture, in which he was selecting a number of British beauties to take part in "forthcoming productions," a Hull girl has been saved from building false hopes of stardom. She is Miss Willis, of Lizzie's Avenue, Hull, and she had been "selected" before JOHN BULL had made the full facts known. Now she has wisely sent in her refusal.

"My Dear Watson."

F. Watson, of Barum Hall, Halifax, is not so staggered by the magic of deduction as was the colleague of Sherlock Holmes. In fact, he indulges in a good deal of deduction on his own account in the capacity of racing tipster. He professes to be gaining "big money" as the result of his successful backing, and is willing to do the same for others who will remit £2 as "a nominal charge towards expenses." What amazing generosity!

Dilatory Photographers.

C. Myer, of the Princes Studio, Liverpool, is a photographic enlargement specialist, whose methods do not seem to meet with his clients' approval. At least, we are frequently receiving complaints from people who state that they have paid fees ranging from 15s. to 30s. for certain enlargements which have never materialised. Whenever Mr. Myer is approached he is full of ready excuses, and housewives should give his agents a negative answer.

Furniture Fraud.

Solomon Gillis, a furniture dealer, of Shield Road, Newcastle, after being paid £21 5s. for rubbishy stuff he had supplied under a hire-purchase agreement, had the impudence to sue for £4 more. Instead of getting his pound of flesh, however, he has to give the man he sued a bedstead value £10. That amount had been overpaid for the "furniture," in the opinion of Judge Greenwell. "The transaction was a most iniquitous fraud and absolutely dishonest," declared the just judge. We agree.

An Un-paying Agency.

Several complaints have reached us regarding the activities of Messrs. Harvey and Harvey, of Oxford Street, London. Describing themselves as "Paying Guest Agents," Harvey & Harvey obtain fees from landladies and furnish the names and addresses of "paying guests" in return. The names supplied often refer to foreigners. A single insertion in any reputable newspaper would be far cheaper and probably bring more satisfactory results.

A HUNDRED HOLIDAYS!

HOLIDAYS are here—and so are Holiday Prizes! Win your holiday expenses in "Bullets." 100 HOLIDAY FIVERS offered on page 35.

Problems of Life

The Kindly Light

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IN Maurice Maeterlinck's "Treasure of the Humble" there is a quotation from Jean Paul Richter which runs thus: "When I desire to love most tenderly one who is dear to me, and wish to forgive him everything, I have but to look at him for a few moments in silence."

Dr. R. J. Campbell

An addendum to the same is the sentence: "To learn to love, one must just learn to see."

This is as true as it is beautifully phrased, as anyone may see for himself by trying it; and it is as true of our relations with people we do not know well as of those we know best.

We seldom give ourselves opportunity enough to see into each other's souls. If we did we should be more charitable and sparing of condemnation.

This is far from saying that most people are better than they seem and that our discernment of their faults is a mistaken one.

On the contrary, there is more that needs to be put right in the average person than either he or the world knows.

But sympathetic insight makes allowance for the hindrances and drawbacks that every human being has to contend with.

ONLY this last week I have had brought home to me the impropriety of forming a judgment of a man's character from what one casually sees of him.

I have been in the company of a man whom I have not met intimately before, though I have frequently watched his demeanour in public. Until now he has always seemed to me conceited, shallow, bombastic, and not very high-minded.

I thought that he was "on the make," as the saying goes, and not too particular in his methods of getting ahead of his fellows.

Nor was this a wholly erroneous view. These defects do exist in the character of this man as in many others.

But, happening to sit quietly observing him one day, on an occasion when he thought himself unnoticed, I was struck by the fineness of his expression. He seemed to be another man, a better, sounder man than I had previously imagined.

I HAVE since found this to be a correct impression. His somewhat aggressive manner is a cover for natural shyness and self-distrust.

He has fought one of the hardest and most unselfish fights against heavy odds ever since boyhood in order to give some infirm and suffering folk a chance in life.

They adore him, and no wonder. He cannot deceive me again; I know him now.

You do not really know anyone whom you view with unfriendly eyes.

And, as Buddha taught his disciples thousands of years ago, you only see a fellow-soul aright when you feel with him instead of against him.

STRANGE MEDICAL REMEDY

TAMPERING WITH HEALTHY SUBJECTS

The Schick Test

IT has come to our knowledge that determined efforts are being made to subject the children of this country wholesale to injections of diphtheria poison.

The debatable nature of this treatment is concealed under the name of an Austrian doctor who first introduced it. His name is Schick.

The "Schick Test" for diphtheria has been made illegal in Austria, because in 1925 six babies died at Baden, near Vienna, out of forty who were treated with this supposed "safeguard." It is being abandoned in the United States after thirteen years' experiment.

Yet in the face of these facts the Schick Test is being adopted by many local health authorities in the British Isles, with the sanction and approval of the Ministry of Health.

The system explained

What is the Schick Test?

Explained simply, it is the injection between the layers of skin of the forearm of a solution of specially prepared diphtheria poison which has been tested on guinea-pigs, thousands of these animals being bred annually for this purpose.

If nothing happens to the child so treated it is supposed to be immune from diphtheria.

If, however, the arm becomes inflamed then the child is said to be liable to diphtheria and is treated to three further injections of other substances mixed with the diphtheria poison with the object of inoculating the child against the disease.

A week after the third injection the child is again Schick-tested. If an area of redness appears again on this second test then the inoculating process has to be done all over again!

There has never been any scientific proof of the assertion that this horrible treatment will prevent a child from having diphtheria.

This system was introduced into the United States in 1913, where it has been used extensively, particularly in New York. In England, on January 4, 1922, a small "unofficial and informal conference" of medical officers of London boards of guardians was held at the Ministry of Health, at which Dr. Monckton Copeman recommended the system.

Astounding suggestion

It was tried on workhouse children in the Norwood schools by the medical officer to the Lambeth Board of Guardians, a proceeding which aroused great indignation. It was introduced in Scotland in 1923.

In the following February the English Medical Research Council, in a report on diphtheria, made the astounding suggestion *that the whole of the child population of this country should be submitted to the Schick Test, and that those who reacted should be inoculated!*

If diphtheria were on the increase in this country such a suggestion might be understood, but the death-rate from this disease has declined enormously during the past twenty years.

Its decline is due to better conditions of living and improved sanitation, in addition to the high skill of the doctors in healing the disease.

In Liverpool, for instance, twice as many people are attacked and four times as many people are killed

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, who in 1922 uttered a serious caution against the use of the Schick Test in this country

by this disease as in slum-free Southport, a few miles away.

Even under epidemic conditions only one child in seven would be likely to contract diphtheria, yet it is seriously proposed to interfere with the health of all seven in the hope, but by no means the certainty, of saving one.

Ominous comment

Schick-testing has been introduced into the fever hospitals at Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester, into a cripples' home at Sheffield, into Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Home, mental asylums, training-ships and other places.

In October, 1925, the London County Council, however, resisted an attempt to introduce it into London schools.

In a paper recommending the Schick Test read before the Royal Sanitary Institute recently, Dr. William Robertson, the Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh, makes the remark that, with "*objectors ever ready with letters to the Editor, one must be careful with the cleansing of arms and the keeping of needles aseptic.*"

Obviously, even Dr. Robertson sees danger in the test if it is carelessly performed.

Now let us look at some of the results of Schick-testing. At Dallas, Texas, in 1919, ten children were killed and sixty others seriously injured by injections of diphtheria toxin-antitoxin (as the stuff is called) that had passed the tests of the New York Board of Health.

The Mulford Laboratories of Philadelphia, manufacturers of the serum, paid damages in every case sooner than let them go into court.

In February, 1924, forty-five children at schools in the State of Massachusetts were made seriously ill by similar injections. Their arms turned black and swelled to an enormous size. Many of them were in terrible pain, one child running from room to room screaming.

In England a great deal of suffering has been caused already by this experimenting, although it has only been done on a small scale.

Terrifying results

Dr. Lee Pattison, in the *British Medical Journal*, May 31, 1924, reported his experience at the Crippled Children's Hospital at Sheffield.

He told of a boy of eight having an inflamed and painful arm for three days after the first dose, of a girl of seven having "a well-marked local reaction," of four other patients having "severe local reactions," of a girl who cried for some hours during the night and fainted in bed.

Dr. Forbes' report on "The Prevention of Diphtheria" states that at the North Hyde Roman Catholic school in the Heston and Isleworth district, three of the staff had severe reactions.

Dr. Louise Roberts, medical officer of health for this area, speaks of a doctor and nurses who had severe reactions, all of them being sufficiently ill to go off duty.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board in Dr. Forbes' report, admits four instances of severe general reactions among its nurses. At the Leicester Isolation Hospital in 1924 some severe reactions were reported among the staff.

At the Royal Eastern Institution for Mental Defectives a member of the female staff was ill for three days. At Motherwell, Dr. Reid reported, on October 16, 1926, that a large proportion of the staff has had severe reactions following immunisation.

After killing and paralysing guinea-pigs, and causing horses, in which the serum is developed, considerable distress and suffering, and making human beings seriously ill, the advocates of Schick-testing cannot by any means guarantee that the people inoculated will be free from the danger of diphtheria.

Crucial question

Nevertheless, because this disease is most common in babies between the ages of two and five, an attempt is to be made to subject these helpless little mites at infant welfare centres to the test.

What is the reason behind this effort to tamper with healthy children?

Such a pre-eminent educational authority as the London County Council declined to have anything to do with the Schick Test.

Why this enthusiasm?

Unemployed Men's Plight

Stiff Fees, but No Jobs

WHEN men faced with the stiff task of finding employment finally pay a fee in the belief that it will lead to a certain job, it is sad to find them left in the air with no better prospects than before.

Such, however, is the unhappy experience of several men who were attracted by the following advertisement which appeared not so very long ago in a daily paper:

£3 10s. to £5 per week guaranteed to suitable men able to pass driving test after course of training; no previous experience required; jobs waiting when efficient.

This tempting announcement appeared under a box number, but applicants subsequently received a communication from Cambrian Coaches, of High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., which stated that the company was prepared to find employment for at least fifty trained men for motor-coach and long-distance omnibus work.

Enticing guarantee

It would be necessary, the letter explained, for applicants to take a full course in the company's training school for driving.

At the end of six weeks or so a test would have to be passed to the satisfaction of one of the concern's inspectors, and, if passed out as efficient, a situation would be guaranteed.

The letter also threw a new complexion on the offer by stipulating that applicants must pay £5 5s. to the company as a training fee.

According to several applicants who paid the requisite fee, the first ten days or so were devoted to lectures on the petrol engine.

After that students were told to report at the company's garage in Goading Street, Vauxhall.

Driving-tests were eventually carried out and a certain proportion of the applicants were duly passed out.

Long wait

We have been privileged to peruse a certificate granted to one man by the "chief engineer."

It runs:— "—— has had a course of instruction with our firm and I should thing he would prove to be a very satisfactory and concientious driver."

Now there are at least four men who parted with their fees, but who after repeated application so far have only received assurances that the matter will receive attention.

In the first letter addressed to applicants stress was laid on the fact that no money should be paid before they had been "accepted as suitable."

Yet it is now four months since some applicants parted with their money.

We think the company is unreasonable in keeping these unemployed men waiting so long for their jobs.

AN UNPRINCIPLED SCAMP

HARD-HEARTED HANNAH!

The Woman on the Parapet

CRYING bitterly, a pretty young woman was seen to alight from a tramcar one night recently in the neighbourhood of the Thames Embankment.

A few moments later she would have cast herself from the parapet into the chill waters below had not a passing pedestrian intervened.

So desperate was the would-be suicide that it took four men to restrain her, and when she was first conveyed to the police station it was thought her mind was deranged.

In due course this forlorn girl found herself before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House Police Court, and the simple story she there related was full of pathos.

She had been deserted by her husband who had sailed away to Canada, and there was no friend or relative to appear for her in court.

After a brief remand, this unhappy girl was brought up again and bound over to keep the peace, the court missionary undertaking to render any possible assistance.

Impossible peace

There, so far as the authorities and the public were concerned the matter ended.

"To keep the peace!" The very phrase must spell bitterness, for there can be little peace of mind for Phyllis Hannah, the girl in question.

Behind the simple facts which came to light in the court lies a story of poignant tragedy, for the girl whose terrible mission was so narrowly averted is the victim of an unprincipled scoundrel, who has filled her life with misery.

Phyllis Hannah is the daughter of respectable parents, and when she left her Lanarkshire home a few years ago in order to take up a position in a London hotel, no one could possibly have predicted that her future would be overshadowed in any way.

All might have been well had she not had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a friendly Scotsman named James Hannah, who paid marked attention to the pretty young girl from his native land.

Passionate love-letters

He was a transitory guest at the hotel, but after he had returned to Scotland he began to write her passionate love-letters. She never suspected evil designs, and when he eventually begged her to marry him she decided to accept.

They were married in London, but afterwards went to Glasgow, where Hannah was employed as a railway clerk. And no sooner was the brief honeymoon over than the husband revealed himself in his true colours.

Far from being a steady, respectable clerk, as she had supposed him to be, he proved to be a violent drunkard, and they had not been married many months before he was dismissed from his employment.

By this time his gross, bullying manner had broken much of this poor girl's spirit, and Hannah saw the possibility of commercialising his pretty young wife's charms.

He brought her to London again, and, taking a flat in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, compelled her to lead an immoral life.

For some months he forced her to submit to his will, living in luxury on her immoral earnings. Whenever she was unable to satisfy his extravagant demands he would treat her most brutally, thrashing her without mercy.

On one occasion, when she could not produce the money he demanded, he assaulted her so savagely that she was forced to flee to a near-by police station, with swollen eyes and with blood streaming down her face.

The kindly police did all they could to allay her suffering, and made a spirited attempt to bring her brutal husband to book. But, as is nearly always the case with such callous bullies, Hannah was too cowardly to remain long in the vicinity.

Dreadful crime

He showed the police a clean pair of heels for some considerable time, but was eventually brought up at Marlborough Street Police Court, charged with assault and with living upon his wife's immoral earnings.

He was given seven months' hard labour, and the magistrate's comments upon his behaviour were far from complimentary. He also granted the wife a separation order.

Her husband in jail, avoided by her friends and deserted by her relatives, her plight was indeed a terrible one, but she pluckily managed to keep going.

As the time for her husband's release drew near, her mind was filled with terror lest he should pursue her and coerce her again. Death, she felt, was infinitely preferable than a life of degradation.

Sir Rowland Blades, M.P., Lord Mayor of London, who heard the pathetic life-story of Phyllis Hannah

When Hannah came out of jail, however, he refused to contribute towards his wife's maintenance, and, realising that she would not be slow to seek the renewed protection of the authorities, he deemed it advisable to seek fresh fields.

It was then that he sailed for Canada, leaving his wife entirely destitute.

While she is well rid of such a rogue, the shame which he forced upon her has left a lasting blight, and it was in a feeling of utter despondency that she sought to end all in the waters of the Thames.

Has she no redress? Can the law do nothing to aid her? And is Hannah to escape unpunished for all the misery he has wrought?

It is true that he has served seven months in jail; but his victim has suffered many years of misery and it is a sorry reflection that she should have no means of securing adequate redress.

Who's In the Right?

Wounded Man's Quandary

THE sad story of Mr. J. W. Thompson, of Roath, Cardiff, provides us with a puzzle of a most perplexing nature.

During the war Mr. Thompson was taken prisoner in France and the treatment accorded him ultimately left him a physical wreck.

On his repatriation he was granted a pension for 30 per cent. disability, and was also accepted by the postal authorities for employment as an indoor postman.

Doctors differ

An interval of work in the service of the State followed and in August last year Thompson was informed that his disability had now disappeared.

Exactly a month after the final medical board had pronounced him sound he was given notice to leave the employ of the G.P.O. as he was considered "medically unfit for established employment."

Mr. Thompson was in a most unhappy quandary. While one Government department stopped his pension because it considered him fit another stopped his employment because it considered him unfit?

In the end Mr. Thompson decided to get outside confirmation and consulted a specialist, who professed him to be perfectly sound and normal except for a loose cartilage in the knee.

Unsatisfactory claim

But when representation was made to the postal authorities on Thompson's behalf it was claimed that he was subject to recurrent spells of gastric trouble, and "in view of the liberal privileges to Civil servants as regards sick pay and pensions," it was stated that persons likely to require excessive sick leave or to retire prematurely could not be accepted for established appointments.

Few people, we imagine, will accept the foregoing as a satisfactory explanation. No one would blame the G.P.O. if it extended the "liberal privileges" in question to one who has suffered in his country's service.

Fifteen-dollar Sleuths

Finger-print Flapdoodle

WOULD you like to earn big money by performing fascinating work at home or abroad?

If so, Geo. W. Wagner, of Broadway, New York, would be pleased to hear from you, and it doesn't matter a jot whether you have any experience or not so long as you have fifteen dollars.

For fifteen dollars Mr. Geo. W. Wagner, who presides over the "American Detective Training School," will make you a fully fledged sleuth.

"Wide open field"

In no uncertain terms Mr. Wagner assures all applicants that there is a "big wide open field for trained detectives to operate in," and he cites as an inducement the wonderful opportunity which the life affords of travelling and seeing the world at the expense of others.

We have mentioned that Mr. Wagner does not deem experience necessary.

"The detective profession," he declares, "can be easily learned by anyone with ordinary common-sense and average intelligence. The work also pays more than many other professions."

What he is after

But the attractiveness of Mr. Wagner's curious offer does not end there.

Those who send their money straight away will be given a free finger-print lesson, showing how finger-prints are taken, how classified, and how prepared for evidence.

The course itself embraces "shadowing," "tracing," "deductions," "secret writings," "trapping," "spotting," and many other intriguing branches of the sleuth-hound's art.

In short, Mr. George W. Wagner's offer is calculated to make a striking appeal to the mind of any normal boy who cherishes a momentary ambition to emulate the great detectives of fiction.

We have no doubt that it is their pocket-money he is after.

A FAMILY CURSED

DWELLERS IN GETHSEMANE

The Mother's Noble Effort

SOME families seem to have all the sunshine; others all the storm. But surely few families can have been afflicted more sorely than the one whose experiences we give here

HOLIDAY visitors to Dover would stand rooted with dismay before a small dwelling-house with a barber's saloon attached did they but know the awful curse under which its inhabitants are living, or, rather, dying.

Mrs. Vigor, the mother of the doomed family, who was married forty-one years ago, has had fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters. On her husband's meagre earnings she found it a great struggle to feed and clothe this ever-increasing number of boys and girls.

Always, she was buoyed up with the hope that one day they would grow up to be her support and comfort.

Trouble commences

When her eldest son was eighteen, he went abroad and joined the Canadian police. Soon, the next two sons followed, leaving her with ten children to keep.

After her marriage, the terrible disease of progressive muscular atrophy developed in Mrs. Vigor's own family, her brothers and one sister succumbing to it.

When Mrs. Vigor's fourth son was about eighteen, to the poor mother's consternation, he betrayed symptoms of the appalling disease.

His work had to be abandoned for treatment in a London hospital, which failed. He returned home and obtained light work, but in 1923, he fell and broke his leg.

He underwent two operations, which have left him practically helpless. Now, at the age of thirty-five, when, had all been well, he would have been earning good money, he receives 5s. a week.

Mrs. Vigor's fifth son joined up in the war, but was discharged, for he, too, developed the disease. He now gets 8s. a week health insurance.

Too late for pension

Her sixth son has also fallen under the curse. He manages to do a little hairdressing, but the malady gets a tighter grip upon him.

The seventh son is also affected. He gets 8s. per week.

Before these afflicted sons received their grants, Mrs. Vigor had to keep them and her little ones on £1 a week, of which 5s. 3d. was expended in rent.

When the war broke out, her third son returned from Canada, joined up and went to France. In the August of 1915, he was one of the first to be gassed. Being also wounded, he was sent to hospital in England, and then back to Canada.

In 1918, he returned home. He was fully pensioned, and a great help to his mother, paying the rent.

In 1916, her eldest boy went to the Front from Canada. It was through him that their little hairdressing business was started. He is now married in Canada; also the second son.

In 1921, her third son, who had been badly gassed, died in Dover, and the mother lost her mainstay. When she applied for a pension, she was told that she was too late.

The terrible family curse of paralysis has also seized Mrs. Vigor's eldest daughter, who is in Canada, and another daughter, now aged nineteen, who is being looked after by a married sister. And who knows what will happen to the remaining children! The disease, Mrs. Vigor states, becomes noticeable at the age of sixteen.

One of Mrs. Vigor's afflicted sons

In this form of paralysis, called progressive muscular atrophy, the poor sufferers have the greatest difficulty in getting about.

They are liable to fall down anywhere, and have to lie where they fall until someone comes to their rescue.

Two out of Mrs. Vigor's four paralysed sons are too helpless even to get downstairs, and require looking after like babies. Then, added to their physical disability, is the awful strain of poverty. These sons have between them 21s.

Welcome news

Her husband has lately had a temporary job on the sea wall at Dover, but previously was long out of work, and he has a weak heart.

Since the death of her third son in January, 1921, the rent of the house and saloon, which amounts to £35 per annum, has been a continual nightmare.

That the rent is in arrears is not surprising, as she has passed through times when her husband was unemployed, two sons at home unable to work, and ten persons to keep on the earnings of her two crippled boys.

With the deepest gratitude she tells the story of how once, after spending a sleepless night over this problem of the rent, a stranger walked in with the miraculous news that a lady of his acquaintance had asked him if he knew anyone to whom she could do a kindness, resulting in the burden of an unpaid quarter's rent being lifted.

At Athens there was an ancient altar, without image or symbol, but honoured beyond all others, dedicated to Pity. Surely, on such an altar sacrifices might well be laid for the lasting succour of a family so pitifully afflicted.

NEW NOSES FOR ALL

ROLLING OUT THE WRINKLES

Good News for the Ugly

APPEALS to the vanity of women—and men too—are generally successful. To make the best of one's appearance is laudable, but resort to artificial aids is not always advisable

"BUT," remarked a girl to me recently, "God made us so that we must look old in time."

"God is very merciful," I answered, "and He has given someone the inspiration, the courage and the talent to prevent this. Let us be humbly grateful."

The above excerpt is not taken from the meanderings of some hoary philosopher, but from the preface to an extremely exciting little volume by Charles H. Willi on the subject of "Facial Rejuvenation."

The book is cleverly written in a rather florid manner, and treats of such unusual subjects as potato noses, flapping ears and sagging skin.

The author is apparently an idealist, living for beauty. And he can write chapters on his pet theme with an adoring pen. But wielding the pen is only a small part of his campaign for beauty.

Woman's haunting dread

The pen is mightier than the sword, but it would seem that Mr. Charles H. Willi is in possession of instruments far mightier than pen and sword combined!

And, thus armed, he works miracles. A few subtle strokes and lo, wrinkles have disappeared, chins have been lost and found and noses have assumed perfect symmetry!

In the preface of "Facial Rejuvenation" we are told why a woman dreads the loss of her good looks.

"The reason," we read, "is not merely vanity, it is fear; fear that she may be less desirable in the eyes of the beloved."

From this preliminary explanation the book goes on to show what Mr. Willi can do for women obsessed with the dire fear of lost beauty and charm.

The volume is interlarded with photographs showing startling before and after effects of women who have presumably passed through Mr. Willi's magic hands.

On the left-hand page we may gaze upon an aged lady, whose face shows manifest testimony to the ravages of time. Each bitter moment of her life seems to have drawn its cruel little wrinkle upon her features, a most poignant picture.

Wondrous Willi

But turn to the right-hand page. The same dear lady is there depicted, only we realise with incredible joy that she has been treated by the wondrous Mr. Willi.

It is as if he had taken some powerful india-rubber and, muttering some mystic incantation, had removed every undesirable line from her face.

It is to be hoped that the "patient" was duly grateful, for Mr. Willi deplores the fact that women who look young for their years seldom "have the courage and unselfishness and good sense to tell the world how their beauty has been preserved."

Mr. Willi then proceeds to tell the world of one instance within his knowledge.

Youth restored

"A few months ago," he writes, "an advertisement appeared of a well-known face cream in the weekly illustrated papers, showing the photograph of a famous London actress—a lady over fifty years of age—with a statement that she attributed her youthful appearance to the use of the face-cream.

"As a matter of fact, the lady had her youth restored to her by means of cosmetic surgery, five years previously."

So far as his own operations are concerned, Mr. Willi stresses the point that they are painless and absolutely safe.

He thinks nothing of snipping out a little crescent under the eye and bringing the two dismembered edges together to correct the lamentable bagginess that betokens old age.

But when it comes to noses Mr. Willi waxes almost poetical. "The building of noses," he affirms portentously, "is a more delicate matter than the padding-out of wrinkles."

A duke with a little snub nose can never be really ducal. The provision of a perfect peerage, then, rests with the select band of facial rejuvenators? It is a profound thought!

Only one nose

In Mr. Willi's intriguing work are two photographs of a very charming girl, but in the first her charm is marred by "a form of saddle nose." In the second photograph we are privileged to see "its correction in ideal shape."

If this change is attributable to any form of surgery we are truly astounded.

But we are able to state that the young lady in question had only one nose and that one in the "ideal shape."

The pictures, nevertheless, obviously convey the impression that an operation had been performed.

The fact that it was probably only a "photographic operation" is not made clear!

Whatever merits Mr. Willi may possess as a facial rejuvenator, we think that in any further editions of his book he may see fit to issue, he should make it quite plain to the public which of his "before" and "after" pictures in the volume refer to actual patients.

A MANY-NAMED RASCAL

THE OLD-SHIPMATE CATCH

A Rogue to Watch

WIVES of ships' officers should be expressly upon their guard lest they should be favoured with a visit from a polite individual who has been extremely busy for some time past in duping people in various parts of the country.

The methods of this ingenious rogue may best be illustrated by an actual example, taken from amongst a number of similar complaints which have reached this office.

The fifteen-year-old son of a merchant captain was playing outside his home in Northampton a little while back when an affable stranger approached him and, mentioning the captain's name, asked whether the lad could direct him to the latter's home.

Naturally the boy did so, at the same time explaining that the captain, his father, was away at sea. "Well, well, I might have known that you were his boy," announced the gentleman, who was about fifty years of age. "You are the very image of your dad!"

His old friend

As the outcome of this breezy introduction, the stranger was invited into the house while the boy went to fetch his mother.

When the captain's wife arrived upon the scene the stranger introduced himself as a Mr. Macgregor, of Stirling, an old, old friend of her husband's.

In the most pleasant manner imaginable he proceeded to explain that he and his wife and daughter had been motoring down from Scotland. They had got as far as St. Albans when the daughter had been taken suddenly ill.

His wife, he continued, was therefore motoring her straight back home, while he had been unable to resist the opportunity of pushing on to Northampton to see his old friend.

Promised reward

Unfortunately he had left his topcoat, containing his wallet and chequebook in the car, but he had not worried on that score because he knew that his old friend the captain would lend him all he needed to get back to Scotland.

In the course of his intimate conversation the caller showed himself so familiar with all the details appertaining to her husband's movements that the captain's wife was eventually prevailed upon to advance him £2 from her own purse.

Mr. Macgregor promptly wrote down his address and assured the lady of the house that he would post off the money as soon as he returned. He mentioned also in parting that he was devoted to fishing and would see that she had a Scotch salmon for her kindness.

Of course, nothing more was ever heard of the stranger, who was quite unknown to the captain concerned, and when a note was sent to the address given it was returned by the postal authorities with the intimation that there was no such house or street known in Stirling.

It would be wearisome to repeat further examples of the plausible Mr. Macgregor's exploits, for his stories vary very little. Suffice it to say that, by means of his fluent tongue and winning manner, he has succeeded in relieving captains' wives in one part or another of sums ranging from £1 to £10.

His movements have been traced, too, in London, Stockport, Hull, Fife, Liverpool and Manchester.

It should also be noted that he does not always give his name as Macgregor, or his address as Stirling. Sometimes he has posed as a Mr. Gordon of Perth, or Mr. Macleod of Perth, while at other times he has forsaken Scotland and has called himself Mr. Murray of Romford.

Gathering the strings

From the scope of his activities it will be seen that Macgregor—to call him by a favourite name—is no ordinary exponent of the hard-luck story.

In every instance that has been brought to our notice he has shown himself perfectly at home with all details respecting the captain whose home he visits.

Before calling upon a prospective dupe the wily Macgregor is careful to provide himself with the fullest possible details.

To this end he makes a practice of frequenting the big ports, and, having selected a vessel which he knows will be sailing shortly, he proceeds to strike up a passing acquaintance with some of the junior officers.

In the course of conversation Macgregor usually inspires friendly confidence by professing to be able to secure remunerative berths ashore for those who are tired of the sea. He also suggests that he and his newfound companions may enjoy one or two motor-trips while the vessel is in port.

Mr. T. W. Moore, C.B.E., F.R.G.S., Secretary Imperial Merchant Services Guild, who also has received many complaints concerning the subject of this article

Before they finally separate, with many friendly handshakes and professions of mutual regard, Mr. Macgregor has succeeded in finding out the captain's name, his home address, and probably a number of personal facts into the bargain.

What base use he makes of this cunningly acquired information has already been told, and while this article will serve to warn the public, we hope that the police will also be inspired to match their wits against Macgregor's and, in the language of the sea, "clap him in irons" without delay.

MOTHER'S DREADFUL ORDEAL

MONSTROUS OFFICIAL BLUNDERING

MRS. MARY HAZELL, of Stanhope Road, Chadwell Heath, has been battling with adversity to lend support to her husband and their six children.

But in her well-meant efforts she has run foul of the authorities who have torn her little ones from her. The oldest is only seven, while the youngest is an infant of barely six weeks.

Mrs. Hazell

We have said that Mrs. Hazell's existence was one long battle. Her husband's wages as a labourer were none too big when so many mouths had to be provided for, so Mrs. Hazell, an expert seamstress, plied her needle diligently at home in a praiseworthy endeavour to augment their slender resources.

On the afternoon of June 20 she went out to deliver some finished work and arranged for her neighbour to keep an eye on her baby.

She left a bottle of milk in case she should be delayed and also explained that there was food in the cupboard for the other children.

Alarming visit

On her return her neighbour informed her that her house had been visited by an R.S.P.C.C. inspector with a doctor and a constable.

The inspector and the constable called on Mrs. Hazell shortly after her return and the former stated that her children would be taken away as they were neglected and ill-nourished.

Mrs. Hazell was thunderstruck and persuaded the constable to inspect her larder where there was ample provision for her family.

She did not deny that the children had probably been seen at their worst as they had been playing in the yard and had got dirty.

With the exception of the baby, too, they were all troubled at the moment with a minor skin affliction.

On the following day, Mrs. Hazell called in a doctor who inspected all her children.

He prescribed a simple form of treatment for the skin trouble, but could not confirm any evidence of neglect, and actually pronounced the children to be fairly well nourished.

Nevertheless, a day or two later, the inspector and a constable appeared and declared that they had come to take the children away.

Mrs. Hazell was too shocked to know what to do and could only stand by and see the children taken from her. According to her story she was not even given a chance to change the baby's nightdress.

Mother's distress

With a heavy heart Mrs. Hazell sought out the doctor who had signed the certificate on which the order for her children's removal had been obtained.

In the end he gave her a letter to take to the guardians suggesting that her desire to have her children back could be shortly realised!

The guardians, however, referred Mrs. Hazell to the justices, before whom she was to appear on the allegation of neglect. This meant further delay.

Then the magistrates for some reason or other remanded her case for two months, *but made an order for her children to be restored to her immediately!*

We presume that this remand is tantamount to an admission that there is no case against Mrs. Hazell.

Haunting shadow

There has been blundering enough already and untold mental and physical suffering has been caused for mother and children alike.

The testimony of two medical men is all in favour of Mrs. Hazell, and, indeed, the magistrates themselves have shown their opinion by restoring the children to her.

Do the officials concerned propose to make no amends to the victims of their blundering?

It is disgraceful, to say the least, that the shadow of a prolonged remand should be held over this hard-working mother's head.

A SEASIDE CLUB MYSTERY

FIGHTING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS

A Hard Job

SOMETIMES propositions advertised in the general Press do not turn out quite as anticipated, and the following story affords a vivid example of the pitfalls which may lurk in the way of the unwary.

Things are not always what they seem, and it is only a matter of common prudence to investigate any offer before finally committing oneself. Many advertisements are full of pleasant suggestions, but it is not always wise to take too much for granted.

A Cornish lady, whose husband's health had been sadly impaired by war services, was attracted by an announcement which stated that a capable lady was required as housekeeper to run a small, successful residential club.

A cash investment of £250 was necessary in order to obtain part interest in the undertaking, which was claimed to present an "exceptional opening."

After making due application for the post, the lady in question received a communication from a Mrs. A. F. Barford, of the Town and County Club, Hove.

Tempting terms

It appeared that there was another Town and County Club at Clarence Parade, Southsea, and Mrs. Barford explained that she had started both undertakings some four years previously.

Now, however, they were controlled by a small private company, known as The T. and C. C., Ltd., which gave "scope to admit others as the clubs expanded and increased." The terms on which a housekeeper investor would be engaged were given as follows: Room and board, £50 salary, 10 per cent. profits on the club she controlled; 10 per cent. on her invested capital, and certain participation in the profits of other clubs.

"Anyone joining us in this way," wrote Mrs. Barford, "saves herself the risk and big expense entailed in starting a business on her own."

Surprising difficulties

A considerable amount of correspondence subsequently changed hands, and it was eventually decided that the lady should invest £300 all told in return for a position at the Southsea Club, and that her husband should also be employed to help with the accounts.

That was early in April, and before the end of the month a deposit of £100 had been paid over in respect of this "exceptional opening."

In the middle of May, having sold up much of the furniture of their Cornwall home, the lady and her husband came to Southsea and took up their quarters at the Town and County Club. They had then no reason to doubt that the venture would prove otherwise than satisfactory.

After a preliminary week as residents to enable them to familiarise themselves with the routine of the club, the couple took up their respective duties, fully determined to make the most of their opportunities.

But, almost from the outset they began to encounter difficulties of a most surprising nature. When the newly-appointed housekeeper came to approach local tradespeople in her official capacity she was astonished to find that many of them were owed a considerable amount of money, and they were consequently reluctant to meet any further orders unless their accounts were met regularly.

These facts were immediately communicated to Mrs. Barford, who hastened to set the investors' minds at ease. There were certainly some outstanding accounts in Southsea, she declared, but they had nothing whatever to do with the club.

They were purely of a personal character and were being attended to by her in the ordinary way.

Reassured by this frank explanation, the newly-installed couple paid over the balance of their investment money. No agreement was furnished, but a receipt for the full £300, written on a plain sheet of notepaper, was given in exchange.

Confidence shaken

This receipt also stated that the payment was in respect of 600 10s. participating preference shares in the T. and C. C., Ltd., and that certificates of allotment would be issued at the next board meeting.

But the renewed confidence of the couple was soon to be sadly shaken.

Other shopkeepers were approached and other debts were then discovered.

Several of the tradesmen asserted that sums of over £100 were owing to them, while other figures mentioned were £88, £43 and £46.

Then the gas supply was cut off suddenly, and when the gas company was approached it was found that this step had been taken because the previous quarter's account for nearly £40 had not been paid, though it had fallen due two weeks before the couple from Cornwall first saw Mrs. Barford's advertisement.

The fact that this gas bill was paid after the gas had been cut off for only one day did not now tend to re-establish confidence, and the hopelessness of the position can be easily imagined.

Handicapped all round

Added to all this, the new housekeeper complains that she was further handicapped by the irregularity with which cash for current expenses was paid to her by the company.

Reference to Somerset House shows that T. and C. C., Ltd., is purely a family affair, Mrs. Barford being managing director, while her husband figures as secretary.

Most of our readers will sympathise with the unfortunate investors in this case, for it must be admitted that the exceptionally hopeful tone of the advertisement originally answered instilled confidence.

In accepting the appointment at the Southsea Club they realised, of course, that to make a success of the proposition would require a great deal of hard work.

They did not know, however, that their task was going to be beset with so many difficulties, or that those difficulties would be of the nature outlined in the foregoing sorry story.

A PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSITION

WHAT A SURPRISE!

"OUR present proposition is the best we have ever submitted" is the assurance given by Messrs. W. F. Johnson & Co., publishers and organisers of home industries, to people who answer their advertisements offering spare-time employment.

And, having aroused curiosity in this way, the letter goes on to give many reasons why the proposition presents distinct advantages.

No special qualifications in the way of education are required, nor has the scheme anything to do with stocks, shares, betting or gambling.

All one has to do in order to learn the secret is to send 2s. to W. F. Johnson & Co., who urge people to grasp this opportunity because there are so many "worthless schemes" being offered by others "who have no reputation to maintain."

No risk!

There is no risk, they declare, because clients who are not satisfied after following the instructions can claim their money back.

The impression thus created during the initial stages of the offer suggests that here is a firm making a genuine offer on fair terms; but the experience of a person who sent 2s. to the "organisers of home industries" hardly supports this first impression.

She received in return a four-page booklet, the cover of which bore the inscription, "Successful Plans for Earning Money at Home." Also a specimen circular advertising a patent hair-waving lotion.

Varied wares

The first page of the booklet was devoted to a "personal" letter, urging the applicant not to be discouraged at the initial outlay that would be necessary in carrying out the "complete plans for earning money at home."

The second page was devoted to formulæ of three "toilet propositions,"—namely, a wrinkle remover, a superfluous hair remover and a hair restorer.

The would-be home-worker was advised to insert advertisements in various women's journals, and when applications came in to retail these formulæ at 1s. 6d. a time! At the foot of the page appeared a notice relating to the hair-waving lotion described in the accompanying specimen circular.

This lotion could be obtained at wholesale prices, or the homeworker could send orders direct to "Madame Rene" at the same address as W. F. Johnson & Co., and retain half of the purchase-money for himself.

The third page described a "special proposition," which, if properly handled, would "bring in a regular and increasing income."

The client was advised to insert an advertisement in one or more of the higher-class ladies' journals describing a simple home treatment for obesity. "No drugs or exercising" was a suggested slogan for this line.

The special offer

A simple formula was given, together with instructions for the application of the wonderful specific that was to reduce superflouous flesh, and it was suggested that this could be retailed at 2s. 6d. a time!

A note was added that clients need not necessarily advertise in their own name so long as they were careful to register their assumed name at Somerset House.

The fourth and final page of the booklet referred to a special offer to clients, and merely consisted of an exhortation to send 2s. to W. F. Johnson & Co. for a 5s. book on a "Complete Mail Order Course."

Best and worst

As our reader points out, she cannot claim a refund of her money unless she first of all tries out all the given formulæ. This any self-respecting persons would naturally be reluctant to do.

It amounts to this: the applicant is urged to buy a further booklet, urged to tout for orders for an obscure hair lotion and given four trifling recipes.

If Mr. F. W. Jackson, who runs the firm of W. F. Johnson & Co., honestly believes that this is the best proposition he has ever submitted we should not like to see some of his worst!

TO jump to conclusions is an easy method, and one too often adopted. A far better way is to examine the pros and cons of every question. Certainly not the least desirable is this when matters of international policy are concerned

The Eagle Eye

by RHYS J. DAVIES, M.P. *(formerly Under-Secretary to the Home Office)*

FOR some unknown reason the anti-alien cry is raised at intervals in every country in the world, and in Britain it is no exception, though it may be made clear at the outset that, in spite of the many restrictions placed on them during and after the war, aliens are probably more generously treated by Great Britain than by any other nation in the world.

Alien-baiting is not one of our failings. Still, that feeling can easily be aroused even among the most tolerant of our people, and the Bill introduced by the Government in the Lords the other day may give rise to a flare of passion once again on this interesting issue, more especially now that the "Reds are cleared out."

America has long ago established its restrictive quota system to control the immigration of aliens; France, on the other hand, has an alien population of about three millions. In this country our resident aliens number less than a quarter of a million, and the number has been declining year by year since 1914.

Intricate problem

Why should there be any restrictions at all against admitting foreigners into our island is a question very often asked by those who are unfamiliar with this delicate issue.

Others will ask, Why admit any of them? Those who make that query are also quite ignorant people. There is, happily, a middle course that all should be able to agree upon, to whichever section of the community they belong.

Before the war there were no passports or visas, and men and women could wander the face of Europe without knowing where the boundaries were. It is not so now.

The British Foreign Office must know all about our visits abroad, and there is no admittance now even into the lands of our closest Allies unless the necessary documents are produced.

A whole host of officers are at the barriers at every port, and trains are stopped on every European frontier, though the war ended nine years ago.

Spies! That is the answer of most persons who see only the surface of things. Those in authority, however, could tell many tales which would throw a vivid light on this intricate problem.

The fundamental reasons why we restrict the incoming of aliens are the housing shortage and scarcity of employment for our own kith and kin. Why allow foreigners to come here to snatch the jobs of our own unemployed and to live in homes that should be peopled by our slum-dwellers?

Those are very natural questions to ask, and the most ardent internationalist can give no adequate reply why some of our present restrictions should at the moment be removed. After all, first things first.

Unjustified claim

The procedure adopted is that no alien can come here to work for wages if there is a Britisher available for the job. Someone will say at once, "We are capable of doing anything that the foreigner can."

Well, it is not exactly so. Every nation can produce something that the other cannot. There is only one Shakespeare and only one Wagner in history, and the poetry of the one is as international as the music of the other.

In the realm of industry, for instance, Bolton cannot be beaten for fine spinning because of the natural humidity of the Lancashire atmosphere, an element that is absent elsewhere, and so we could go on.

Though the alien can be admitted under the conditions stated, he must first of all secure the permission of the Ministry of Labour, and, in addition, there is the eagle eye of the Home Office to contend with.

British subjects

The only trouble that can arise is that when an alien is admitted as a *bona fide* workman he may turn out to be something else; but he will not be long before he is found out, and deportation follows as a matter of course. He will be a smart fellow indeed if he gets round the staff in charge of our Home Office Aliens Department.

In spite of all our restrictions, however, there is one class of person that can defeat and overcome them all. The law in relation to citizenship in this country provides that a male Britisher marrying an alien woman confers upon his wife automatically the rights of a British subject.

There have been cases where French and Belgian women of a low type have known of this provision and have come here to carry on their doubtful methods of earning a living.

It is a matter of business with most of that class, and it is almost an impossibility to deal effectively with them. You cannot very well deport a British subject though that person is British in name only.

It is interesting to see how many aliens do actually come to our shores annually, how many stay and how many depart. Every person is, of course, an alien unless he is born within the British Empire.

The uninitiated, however, thinks that because Ireland, for instance, is a Free State, Irish people are not British subjects; but they are. So are the Indians, and all the other millions who live under the British flag.

Arrivals and departures

We admitted in 1926, 367,424 persons of foreign nationality, whilst 370,185 left our shores. To the anti-alien in our midst that sounds good. But he must not be mistaken. You cannot take each year on its own and balance this human account as if it were so much merchandise.

Some arrive late in December and leave early in January. Others land and leave in the same year. Anyway, roughly speaking, there are as many leaving as there are coming in each year, so that our alien population is not growing.

Where do they come from? About one-third (122,689) came in 1926 from the United States. Next in order of numbers come the French with 46,673. Holland and Germany provided almost an equal number, a little over 31,000 each.

Just now, the word "Russia" is sufficient to make people's flesh creep. It is interesting to note, therefore, how many arrived in this country in 1926 from that strange land. According to official documents, we admitted 7,752 Russians, whilst 8,207 departed from our shores. Someone will say, "Let the lot go and good riddance."

It is not the purport of these lines to urge that course. Let us come back, therefore, to the real issue. Those who come and go do not matter much; it is those who stay for a period or for good that affect people's minds most.

There were 6,098 aliens admitted into the country during last year either for permanent residence or for periods of temporary stay of not more than six months. Of this number

Mr. Rhys J. Davies, M.P.

105 were Russians. Over 1,500 came here for educational purposes; 748 were of independent means; 248 joined religious institutions, whilst 98 belonged to the diplomatic and consular class.

Tightly drawn net

Let it be noted that hundreds are refused admission; they are either stopped at the other side or "found out" on the boat and turned back at our ports. Lunatics, idiots, mentally deficients, persons suffering from dangerous diseases and doubtful "politicals" known to the authorities are all declined.

The net is tightly drawn for all these categories and few escape through its meshes, and should any happen perchance to get through they are invariably caught very shortly afterwards by the local police.

What about those who come here to work? In 1926 they numbered 6,016, of whom 3,065 were males, 2,846 females and 105 juniors. Before any of this category could be admitted, however, a very strong case had to be made out. Nearly 1,000 of this type were refused admission altogether, showing that the machine works rather effectively.

It is interesting to note, too, what they came here for. The bulk were domestics and nurses, music-hall artistes, foreign correspondents, hotel and restaurant employees and teachers of foreign languages. Their tasks could not be performed by our own unemployed; that is pretty certain.

Good name in jeopardy

It will be seen, therefore, that a tight grip is held over the whole of the alien traffic in Great Britain. Still, there are, as stated, a few who find a way to jump the fence, however high it may be built.

There is, for instance, the sailor who comes on board ship and who cannot be regarded exactly as a visitor to our country. A few walks into the seaport town and off he goes again. But even he cannot play with our alien laws, otherwise he may find himself in serious difficulties.

All the alien restrictions were, after all, born out of the war, and whilst it may be too soon to remove them, it will certainly rouse a bitter controversy if they are to be made a permanent feature of our legislation as is now suggested.

If they are, our "right of asylum" is gone, and our good name among the oppressed peoples of the world will be in serious jeopardy.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK, K.G., K.T., Piccadilly, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You have returned from your tour a thorough optimist, struck by the loyalty and devotion overseas to all the best that Britain stands for—namely, justice, liberty, fair play and love of peace. This refreshing change from the pessimism of which we have had so much should go far to stimulate progress.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY, Buckingham Palace.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I read the other day of how His Majesty the King had a lost Teddy bear restored to a weeping little girl. Now I learn that when you paid a visit to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Folkestone, you discovered Dorothy Jones, aged six, crying bitterly. On learning that her doll's leg had been broken, you comforted her by promising to send her a new doll. It is such actions as these which endear the Royal Family to the heart of its people. JOHN BULL.

To His Majesty KING FUAD, King of Egypt.

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your kindness to an English miner's wife, Mrs. Margaret Clements, of Usworth, Durham, will not be forgotten. She was born in Egypt of British parents, and when you learned that she longed to revisit the land of her birth, in order to see once again the grave of her father and mother, you graciously offered to defray the expense. Courtesy towards the humble is the hall-mark of the great. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD PARMOOR, K.C.V.O., Wilton Crescent, S.W.

MY LORD,—You believe that the League of Nations has come to stay as a permanent institution, but it will fail in its object unless delegates are converts to all-inclusive arbitration by agreement. This lies in the hands of the people. If they insist upon a steady policy of gradual disarmament, no matter what the difficulties may be, they can be swept away. JOHN BULL.

To the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Lambeth Palace, S.W.

YOUR GRACE,—The Alliance for Promoting International Friendship, founded twenty-fours hours before the outbreak of war in 1914, had in those tragic moments no opportunity of proving its worth. Now the case should be different. Its meetings with important representatives from other countries show that at last the Churches are trying to take a lead in world peace. If your organisation is instrumental in bringing America into the League of Nations that will be a great step forward. JOHN BULL.

To Her Grace the DUCHESS of HAMILTON, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

MADAME,—The heart of the country was deeply touched by the recent death of your twelve-year-old daughter, the result of a fall; nor will your kindly and happy thought to entertain 500 East End children at a "Be Kind to Animals" party in Mairi's memory lack appreciation. When the youngsters sat down to tea your daughter's first Shetland pony, Ginger, sauntered around laden with apples and oranges, and photographs of Mairi were carried to the guests by her favourite wolf-hound, Deirdie, and her Pom, Pansy. There is no balm for sorrow to compare with the giving of happiness to others. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour JUDGE R. O. ROBERTS, North Wales Circuit.

YOUR HONOUR,—The closing of Wynnstay Colliery, Ruabon, throwing out of work 1,200 men, following similar closings of the Westminster, Rhosddu and Gwersyllt pits, has filled the districts with terrible distress. In these circumstances, you have announced your decision in cases of judgment summonses to give no further committal orders unless the person is working full time. This is a combination of justice and humanity. You do not think a man should be punished for his misfortunes, nor, so far as you can help it, shall he be. JOHN BULL.

HIS "STERN" PROBLEM!

To Sir JOHN ROBERTSON, C.M.G., M.D., Professor of Public Health, Birmingham University.

DEAR SIR,—Since you are of opinion that the care of the body is of more importance to the individual than the three R's, will you exercise your great influence in the direction of compulsory bathrooms in all houses hereafter built, of whatever class? Until every home possesses a bathroom it should be the duty of the schools to see that every pupil has a hot bath at least once a week. It would save public money later. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALLAN POWELL, Vice-Chairman, Food Council.

DEAR SIR,—It may be true that housewives do not always realise their power to help themselves in the matter of price and quality of foodstuffs, but it is grossly unfair to blame them for high prices. Few have time, as you suggest, to trudge about from shop to shop to stimulate competition. Dirty and adulterated food is already a matter for legislation. The objection of housewives is not considered enough, so why should it be so in the matter of prices? Your Council must do its own work. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE, Birmingham Assizes.

DEAR SIR,—You may be a bachelor, but that does not prevent your understanding some of the deeper problems of married life. Hearing that certain parties in a divorce suit were likely to become parents, you took the unprecedented course of shortening the waiting time for the decree absolute. Thus the child will be enabled to be born in wedlock. It was the exercise of judicial power used in a very good cause. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. KENNEDY, M.P., Belvoir Road, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—There is profound wisdom in your argument that the time has come when the land problem should be regarded as a social and a national one, and not as though it were the concern of landlords, farmers and workers only. If I have a fault to find with your statement it is that I claim the time to be overdue. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MARGARET MACMILLAN, Deptford.

DEAR MADAM,—For many years you have devoted your whole time and means to the health of the children of the poor. You drew up the first scheme of a health centre or school clinic, and although Mr. Joseph Fels offered the munificent gift of £6,000 in aid, both scheme and grant were rejected by the London County Council. Undeterred, you established your own baby welfares and have lived to see your plans largely adopted. Your inclusion in the list of Civil Pensions is a small recognition of devotion. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

COL. WEDGWOOD, M.P.:—"The Films Bill is inspired by vulgar Balham-Tootingish hatred of America."

The Films Bill is merely an expression of the pathetic belief that restriction, instead of superior quality, will secure trade.

* * *

MR. E. G. PRETYMAN:—"The position of agriculture in arable districts is as bad as it can be."

Then why not attack the whole land question and make it as good as it might be?

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL:—"Finances of the last three years have been overclouded by troubles in the coalfields."

That poor statesmanship has clouded finance with troubles is a better way of putting it.

* * *

SIR ERNEST W. PETTER:—Capital is the basis of employment."

And wide-spread unemployment is the quickest way to waste it.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

BOTTLES OF FRESH AIR

MAKING GOOD NEWS BETTER

A Glorious Prophecy

SIR ROBERT PHILIP, of Edinburgh, in his presidential address to the British Medical Association, has taken the rôle of prophet.

He forecasts, allowing for a constant and well-concerted warfare against the evil in the meantime, that the year 1957 will see a total disappearance of the white scourge, consumption, from this country.

Observation goes far to confirm this optimistic opinion. It is no longer a commonplace to see consumptive people, as our grandparents were accustomed to see them, plying their trades or abroad in the streets. We have learned that while tuberculosis is not hereditary, it is highly infectious, and withal amenable to treatment.

In a very special sense we have learned that it is easily preventable. That is the most hopeful aspect of the whole subject. Moreover, except for certain districts where specific drawbacks persist, statistics bear out Sir Robert Philip's opinion.

All the same, it would be the height of folly to rest content in this cheerful prospect. We are still spending over £2,500,000 a year on the treatment of civilian persons for tuberculosis alone.

IN other directions all is not as well as it might be with the nation's health. Compulsory sanitation has made typhus fever little more than a memory, and except for sporadic cases typhoid fever has nearly followed suit, but cancer still baffles the doctors and yearly claims an increasing toll of victims.

Worst of all is the steady growth of rheumatism and its attendant heart disease among those who should be free of all sickness, children and young adults.

There is, in addition, the sinister resurrection of smallpox, which, as Dr. C. Killick Millard, of Leicester, points out, while of a mild or minor sort, is being used to frighten people into getting vaccinated in a manner "not quite playing the game."

The fact is that while doctors confer as to the best methods of treating and stamping out disease, and while the Ministry of Health, very properly, addresses itself to the spread of information and the framing of regulations, the responsibility for the health of the nation must be shared by every citizen.

Disease of every kind is due to poverty, dirt or ignorance, often to all three. In some districts of Carnarvonshire, for instance, the death-rate from tuberculosis has showed no appreciable improvement during the last twenty years, and numerous cases examined and recommended for hospital treatment prefer to drift to death rather than avail themselves of the facilities offered.

IT takes no microscope to see in Wales the connection between poverty, bad housing and this fell disease. Equally, our medical officers of health are warning us of the same connection, all over the country, between foul social conditions and rheumatic affections in children. Children, to thrive, must have clean and healthy homes, unpolluted atmosphere, dry and sanitary clothes, plus an abundance of good pure food.

Yet in every industrial town in the four kingdoms, and even in the midst of the smiling countryside, British children are being herded into foul slums, condemned to exist in rotting insanitary cottages, where sunlight cannot penetrate, and where they have no room to breathe.

We are paying for it in the production of a C3 nation; in the statistics which tell us that horrible rheumatic affections, and even smallpox, are on the increase.

The final remedy lies not in the hands of the doctors, but the people themselves. Sanitary dwellings, sunlight, fresh air, and good food will stamp out smallpox quicker than inoculation with vaccine.

And, through the ballot-box, must be made the final demand, free access to the land, without which every other effort against overcrowding and for the nation's physical well-being is doomed to fail.

Lt.-Col. Sir Robert Philip, M.D., LL.D., Hon. Physician to the King in Scotland

A JOLT FOR THE SLEEPERS

"PUFFING BILLY" METHODS

ENEMIES of competition in business must, during the last few days, have received a severe shock. They may even have entertained doubts whether they were not, in reality, enemies of progress.

For what, except competition severe and sustained, has at length driven our railways to advertise? The matter is of national importance, and too serious for frivolity; otherwise the situation would be amusing. For we are even treated to pictures. Happy groups of holiday-makers, seated before well-spread luncheon-tables, are shown deftly waited upon while they glide through beautiful scenery.

"There are no potholes in the steel road," we are told, "no waves to make the coaches jump, nor corrugations to collect a shower of nuts and bolts from the leaping chains." "The steel road is the best road."

But why has it suddenly become necessary to enforce it? Because of the ever-swelling volume of easier, quicker and *cheaper* forms of transit.

Roads are chock-a-block with motor-cars, motor-cycles, motor-coaches and commercial vans. Manufacturers, wholesalers and retail distributors now send by road every kind of commodity that once, as a matter of course, reached the railway van. Transit by air is in process of swift development.

The railways managed to put a stranglehold upon our waterways, so that the canals are uneconomic and derelict, but they are beaten by the roads.

For there is the tragedy of British railway management. It has been too smug, too conservative, too prone to ignore the changing world. It has failed to learn lessons from other countries, and rested too proudly in the achievements of its own past history.

The history of British railroads, from the first slight wooden wagon-ways up to the arrow-straight and shining steelways, is like a romance that breaks down at a crucial point.

The years 1840-50 that saw the "railway mania" were those with visions of the highway to prosperity railways were opening. With the sanction of Parliament capital was raised from 4½ millions in 1842-43 to 17¾ millions in 1844, leaping to 133 millions in 1846. Wild speculation which led, not unnaturally, to a financial crisis.

Then came the settling down, steady progress and acceptance of the steel roads as an integral part of the machinery of business. That machinery is for the moment out of gear.

Matters cannot be set right by mere advertisement and making travel attractive for first-class passengers.

The railways must make travel cheap for the million and recover the goods traffic by making it "pay" to "send by rail."

If thorough reorganisation is needed it must be done. We cannot face the prospect of our railways being turned into as dismal a failure as confronts the coalfields.

A NOBLE PLEA

Nobody's Benefit

OVERWHELMING sorrow has usually one of two effects.

It may so crush and numb the spirit as to render it incapable of appreciating any anguish but its own, or, on the other hand, it may touch the soul to finer issues.

In its most tragic aspects grief may so open the heart as to give it comprehensive understanding of the sufferings of the whole world.

This it has done to Mrs. Budd, mother of the murdered Mrs. Bonati. The "trunk crime" shocked and horrified the whole country.

But to Mrs. Budd the awful shock of her daughter's dreadful end has resulted in complete breakdown of health.

She has no sympathy at all for Robinson.

She feels as any mother in the same circumstances would feel towards that unhappy wretch.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Budd, in reviewing the awful case, does not see how using the hangman's rope is going to benefit anybody. So she has written a letter to that effect to the Home Secretary.

"Broken-hearted though I am," she pleads, "the sorrow of Mrs. Robinson in the court has made me think that hanging her husband can do me and mine no good now.

"Whatever we do my daughter cannot be called back, so perhaps you will see your way clear to keep him in prison, where he can do no more harm, for the sake of his wife and children, because, even though he is a very wicked man, I can guess how awful she and her baby will feel if he is hanged."

That, in heartfelt, simple language more telling than learned argument, puts the case against capital punishment.

It does nobody any good. Piling sin on sin, and agony upon agony, it is not even a deterrent.

An Orgy of Plunder

by A. G. GARDINER

NO Government ever preached more than the present one the need of economy—with its tongue in its cheek. Reckless expenditure is to be seen at every turn. And the people, like patient asses, take it all as a matter of course!

Sir Malcolm Graham Ramsay, K.C.B., C.B., Chairman of the Committee appointed to investigate departmental expenditure

YEARS ago, when Mr. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer, I was breakfasting with him one morning at 11, Downing Street. After breakfast we went out and walked in the little gravelled piece of ground at the back of No. 11.

"It always seems to me," I said, "that this would be a much pleasanter spot if it had a bit of lawn."

"Yes," said Mr. Lloyd George, "but this gravel tells a story. When Gladstone was Chancellor and lived here the Treasury officials suggested that turf should be laid down. Gladstone agreed that it would be an improvement. 'But,' said he, 'where do you propose to find the money for the work?' The officials said that of course it would come out of the Treasury.

"Gladstone turned on the officials with a blaze in his eye. 'And do you think,' he said, 'that the public funds are to be charged with private improvements of this sort?' And there the matter ended. And here the gravel is to this day!"

The rising tide

Mr. Lloyd George laughed merrily at this excess of economy, and I daresay I laughed too; but the incident has stuck in my mind, and it makes a text that calls for a good many sermons in these days. For the Gladstonian tradition of public economy is as dead as Queen Anne. It had largely gone before the war, and that torrent of waste has swept the last vestige of it out of the public service.

Our national expenditure is four times what it was in 1914, our national debt is ten times what it was then, our military and naval services cost nearly twice what they did before the war, and in every branch of the public service the tide of spending swells higher and higher.

Unfulfilled promises

Three years ago Mr. Churchill came to the Treasury with promises of the progressive reduction of expenditure by ten millions a year. Since then he has added thirty millions a year, and I see no reason to expect that if he remains another three years he will not add another thirty millions.

The fact is that the whole machine of expenditure has got out of hand. The Treasury has lost all grip upon the steering wheel, and the departments, freed from control, compete with each other in an orgy of public plunder. In great things and in small the demand is for "More! More! More!"

I will not deal here with those supreme wastrels of the Admiralty, who, with the only navy that we had to fear at the bottom of the sea, have plunged us into the monstrous extravagance at Singapore which will hang untold millions about our necks for ever; nor with the torrent of money which is being poured out like water on the air service.

I will illustrate the disease by the multitudinous trickles of waste that ooze out at the pores of the public service in a thousand directions. The facts are brought out once more in the report of the Estimates Committee of the House of Commons, that admirable body which is appointed to examine the stable when the horse has been stolen.

Take the little matter of distributing medals. Would you imagine that that had a department all to itself—a department of thirty-five gentlemen, all engaged in the arduous job of giving other people medals. At a modest estimate of £400 apiece, this accounts for £14,000 a year. And this nearly ten years after the war.

Criminal extravagance

Before the war there were only two people engaged in the work; but the staff set up during the war has dug itself in as a permanent institution and it seems nobody's business to dig them out.

In the Lands section of the Under-Secretary's department a staff of fifteen in 1914 has grown to twenty-eight; in the secretariat of the Permanent Under-Secretary of War a staff of 157 has grown to 226; in the contracts section of the Financial Secretary's department fifty-six has become eighty; and so on.

Let us turn to another example of this criminal extravagance. Two airships of the same size and character are being built, one by private contract, one by the Air Ministry. The first costs £350,000, the second £500,000.

Is there not here evidence of disgraceful inefficiency or worse in the conduct of the Air Ministry? And, remember, it is your money that is being squandered in this Rake's Progress.

It sometimes seems that spending is indulged in for the sheer sake of spending. Thus, at Rosyth, that chief of spendthrifts, the Admiralty insists that whenever the tenancy of a house changes the house must be redecorated, whether it needs it or not! Hence, the provision for repairs is exceeded by £2,000 a year.

Is it eyewash?

Or turn to another phase of the evil, the alarming growth of inspectors. There are now 48,000 of them, local and national, and it is no uncommon thing for a factory to be visited by a dozen different inspectors in a week.

Again, I am not questioning the vital need of inspection; but the system has got out of hand and calls for the most rigorous revision.

There is no reason why every authority should have its own inspector, over-lapping and trampling on each other's toes. The same inspector should be competent to survey the whole field of factory conditions. This idea was urged by the Anderson Committee four years ago, but nothing has been done since to stop the evil. On the contrary, it has grown steadily worse, and every year produces a new crop of inspectors.

The key to the whole mischief lies in that story of the gravel at No. 11. The Treasury control of expenditure, which was the corner-stone of Gladstonian finance, has disappeared. The Treasury itself, instead of being the watchdog of the taxpayer, has become a spender, and the departments are left to run riot almost unchecked.

The tradition of Treasury control must be revived. It is stated that the Treasury have at last made a move. They have appointed a committee under Sir Malcolm Ramsay to investigate departmental expenditure.

That is good as far as it goes; but if it is not to be mere eyewash public opinion must be active and resolute. It must insist that there shall be an end to this orgy of public extravagance.

Matters are frequently looked at from a selfish point of view. Too often the other side is entirely overlooked

May we Laugh?

"IT is not the almost universal indifference to religion that hurts the most," said a clergyman to me. "It is the attitude of the man-in-the-street. When one tries to get into touch with him, if one doesn't get an open sneer there is a hint of scorn—a touch of contempt—in his manner that is hard to bear or understand. After all, we only seek his lasting good."

Mr. A. F. Holt

That particular parson is an old friend of mine, but I was amazed at his lack of perception. He found it hard to "understand"—yet only a short time before, when it was proposed to open a kinema on a Sunday, for one performance only and that not for private profit, but for the benefit of blind people in need, he was one of the leaders of the opposition.

Perhaps the man-in-the-street also failed to "understand," for the parson's attitude seemed to him to be that of a man who, having a vested interest in Sunday, was, like the owner of any other vested interest, out to smash competition.

I do not think that there is an "almost universal" indifference to religion. The man-in-the-street may not think much of the Church, but he may think long and often about God. Not, however, in connection with a Church. Maybe the latter is too narrow for his conception of the Deity, for in that conception there is no place for the spirit of negation so characteristic of so many of the professed ministers of God.

WHEN the parson talks about fighting in defence of the Christian Sunday the man-in-the-street smiles—or sneers. For he knows that what the parson seeks to retain is not the Christian Sunday at all, but the Puritan Sunday.

He knows that through two-thirds of the history of the Christian Church Sunday was a day set apart for worship *and recreation*. He knows that for centuries Sunday among the Christians began with worship and ended with sports and games and laughter.

Nursing a Monster

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

MANY articles in daily use by the poorest people in the land are taxed, and because of these taxes the cost of living steadily refuses to fall. More serious than that, prosperity refuses to return to a world that persists in blindly hampering the free flow of its commerce

FAR too little attention has been given by the Press to one of the most remarkable conferences ever held under the auspices of the League of Nations.

There has been sitting for weeks an Economic Conference at Geneva which, unlike most conferences that sit there, achieved a unanimity little short of remarkable.

Delegates of fifty different nations one after the other agreed with the President of the League Council, Dr. Stresemann, that the members of the Council were under "a strong moral engagement" to do everything in their power to see that by any and every means the artificial restrictions against trade which were imposed by the panic legislation following the war were removed.

That it should have been left to the representative of this country, Sir Austen Chamberlain, to raise a discordant note is an amazing fact, for, whatever this country may or may not be, it is most emphatically committed to a policy of Free Trade.

Half-hearted approval

The very election which put Mr. Baldwin into power was won only by the Prime Minister's emphatic declaration that there would not be any measure of Protection introduced during the lifetime of this Parliament, not even though it were smuggled in through the back door.

And yet in face of this Sir Austen Chamberlain, when Dr. Stresemann invited all countries and Governments "to give these principles and recommendations their close attention, and the active support necessary to facilitate their adoption and application," demurred.

He demurred so strongly that this invitation was confined solely to inviting Governments to give the recommendations close attention, and any reference to active support was left out.

It was a very astonishing, but perhaps an explicable, fact, for under the various pretexts of safeguarding, M'Kenna duties, luxury taxes, and what not, Protection has been introduced by the very Government that was pledged not to introduce it.

We have seen duties claimed on gloves, knives and forks, lace, wrapping paper, gas mantles, motor-cars, silk, tyres, matches, and cheap cups, saucers and plates.

That is a pretty comprehensive list for a country that by an overwhelming vote declared itself opposed to a Protectionist policy.

The one who pays

No wonder poor Sir Austen found himself in some little difficulty when asked to subscribe to a policy that would have meant the sweeping away of all these things.

It has always been a matter of wonderment to me how anyone could believe that the way to foster trade is to hinder it. There was a time when the ears of the country were pleasantly tickled by that silly slogan, "Make the foreigner pay."

I do not think that anyone to-day would listen to that for a moment, for it has become painfully obvious to even the most unthinking that, in the end, the gentleman who pays is the gentleman who is pleasantly described as the consumer.

That is you and I. For we have no one to whom we can pass the taxes on; therefore we have to pay them.

Last year I travelled round Europe. I crossed ten frontiers. My luggage was examined ten times. Each time there was the most irritating delay, red tape and absurd fuss.

As throughout the whole of the journey I had nothing with me that was dutiable, I was merely annoyed; I was not taxed.

But supposing I had a consignment of goods travelling from a vendor of raw materials to an English manufacturer. Think of the added cost by the time that consignment of goods had reached the manufacturer. Think of the increased

The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain, M.P., who found himself in an awkward fix declaring a conference convened by the League of Nations

price of the finished product, and then think who in the end is going to pay that increase.

If it is anybody but the man who buys the finished article in the shop, I wish you would tell me who on earth it is.

Let us imagine that each one of the English counties is surrounded by a network of red tape, restrictions, customs duties, tariffs and taxes.

Crazy? Possibly. But no more crazy than every country in Europe being surrounded by this barbed-wire entanglement of tariffs.

If you were living in Manchester and wrote to a big London store for a certain article you would expect to get it at the advertised price plus a small cost of postage or carriage.

A rude awakening

If you woke up to-morrow morning and found that during the night the politicians had erected tariff barriers between our English counties you would be staggered to find that the price of the article for which you had written had risen enormously owing to the customs duties that you would have to pay before you could bring it through the intervening tariff walls.

Yet the fact that this is what happens if anything is brought into the country from abroad does not seem to appeal to people in this way!

The last act for the moment in that great farce known as the safeguarding of industries was to put a tax on what they call translucent pottery. It is an expensive kind of bone china. By some preposterous mode of thought it was decided that this needed protection, and it was promptly protected by putting a heavy tax on a cheaper and quite dissimilar article!

That is to say, a shilling cup and saucer made in this country is "protected" by a tax being put on a foreign cup and saucer that costs fourpence.

Missed opportunities

There has never been the slightest attempt to justify this extraordinary effort. There hardly could be, for I do not see where any justification is coming from.

Despite the fact that the war has been over for nine years, prosperity has not yet returned to the world. It has not returned because, instead of fostering trade and helping commerce to flow with the utmost freedom between country and country, we have all done our very best to hinder it.

The world seems to have developed a positive genius for missing opportunities during the last nine years. It is most fervently to be hoped that yet another has not been missed by the extraordinary attitude of Sir Austen Chamberlain at Geneva.

gh on Sunday?

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

Is it any wonder, then, that John Brown, who wants to go to the bowling-green or to the baths, should ask indignantly: "Who are these parsons that I must glumph throughout the whole of my weekly holiday merely because their narrow creed has nothing in common with laughter and the joy of life? I don't wish to interfere with the way in which they spend Sunday. Why should they interfere with me?"

DOES the prohibition do the Churches any good? Not a bit of it. It does the Churches harm, as a small minority of parsons may be found to admit.

Does the prohibition, then, do the people good? Can it benefit the public when, in most towns, it closes up every avenue of wholesome recreation on the one day in the week that people have the most time for recreation?

A great appeal has been launched for the further provision of playing-fields. In almost every town of any size there are parks, which have children's playgrounds, open spaces for cricket and other games, perhaps bowling-greens and tennis-courts, and yet, on the one full day's holiday in every week everything is closed down.

Let us have more playing-fields by all means, but why not, at the same time, make full use of the playing-fields we have?

That seems to me to be the common-sense view, but propose to throw them open, propose to permit the common people to enjoy themselves healthfully on Sunday, and the Churches are up in arms at once. And, because their opposition is organised, the "No" of the Churches goes.

Such victories do the Churches no good. They merely antagonise the people it is their duty to attract. People when young are taught that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and when they grow up they find that the swimming-baths that help people to achieve that cleanliness must not be open on Sundays because the parsons object to the competition.

IS it any wonder that the man-in-the-street is puzzled? Is it any wonder that a touch of scorn shows through his manner when the parson approaches him?

Apparently the parsons believe that they can make the people good by preventing them from being happy. They would stand a better chance of helping the people to be good if they first did all they could to make them happy.

He Sings in his Bath

Hard things have been said and written of the man who sings in his bath.

But let us try to look at him with an unjaundiced eye.

Why does he Sing in his Bath?

Out of the pure joy of his heart! He gets up feeling brimful of health and energy, he's glad to be alive.

Well, that's something to make a song about, isn't it? You who grumble at his musical efforts—you would make music too if you got up feeling as he feels. And you will feel that way—bursting with the need of expressing the sheer joy of living—if you take your daily pinch of Kruschen Salts.

That little dose that does so much

It's such a little dose—as much as will lie on a sixpence. But it does so much for you. Every day it removes all the waste matter that has been clogging the system, purifies and refreshes the blood.

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WHY MOTHERS DIE

by LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN *(President of Queen Charlotte's Hospital)*

THAT three thousand mothers die each year, and that the health of tens of thousands is irreparably ruined, is surely a terrible blot on our boasted civilisation. No effort must be spared to see that such a blot is no longer allowed to remain.

A RECENT passionate appeal in JOHN BULL for the mothers who die in child-birth made me feel that a cause which I have very much at heart is by no means hopeless.

I am, as President of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, only too familiar with the facts set out.

I am relieved to think that these are now known to the millions of readers of JOHN BULL, in whom I recognise a body of men and women keenly sensitive to all miscarriages of justice and all conditions of life which bring our modern civilisation into contempt.

It is a miscarriage of justice that the natural and honourable function of child-bearing should be so clouded with the folly of ignorance that it cannot be carried out without the trail of death and misery implied by the *deaths of three thousand mothers and irreparable injury to the health of tens of thousands every year.*

National disgrace

And it brings into contempt our boasted civilisation that means have not yet been devised to rid our women of the fear and foreboding which the birth of a child entails.

I have consulted the honorary surgeons of my hospital, and I find them unanimous in the opinion that the real fault lies here:

We have not told the public and medical students enough about maternity, its perils, and how they can be avoided; we have not proclaimed the fact that maternity hospitals should be a first charge on the charity of the wealthy; we have not made the study of maternity the leading fact in the programme of general hospitals.

So far as this terrible state of affairs is within the power of Queen Charlotte's Hospital to remedy, we intend to set the matter right; but we can only do that if the public will help us.

We are doing our best to make known to the people of England the true position. In this we have been tremendously helped by the splendid action of eleven surgeons in signing a manifesto containing the essential facts of the situation.

Damning statements

They tell us that the long-standing lack of hospital facilities for teaching doctors, nurses and midwives how to bring children into the world with safety to their mothers is due to the reasons I have given. There is much more in this damning document.

It tells us that there is insufficient accommodation for the large number of women who urgently require expert assistance at the birth of the children, especially at the birth of their first children.

There is totally inadequate provision for diseases which in many cases accompany pregnancy, the available beds in maternity hospitals and wards being all required for the lying-in.

Almost no provision of beds is made for the treatment of puerperal fever. This, the chief single cause of death in child-birth, cannot at present be treated in maternity or general hospital wards, and for this reason

Lord Howard de Walden

there has been practically no diminution of fatal cases from this cause during the last fifty years. 2,396 cases were notified in 1925.

Life-destroying legacy

The facilities for teaching the care of maternity cases to medical students are inadequate.

Out of two years' clinical training for qualification, only five months are allowed for learning the whole of this particular branch of medicine.

The surgeons are perturbed by the continued high rate of maternal mortality and the larger amount of ill-health which may result from child-birth in this country.

This legacy of ill-health, disability, and therefore inefficiency of the mother, seriously affects her capacity for the duties of a housewife and for training a young family of children.

The manifesto adds that *more than one-third of all out-patients* in a gynæcological hospital are suffering from the results of injuries and infections which began at the birth of their children.

There must, of course, be more beds for women in childbirth. There must also be trained midwives and doctors more fully instructed, not only in the elements of normal childbirth, but in the strange and difficult cases which are found in such institutions as Queen Charlotte's and are happily not so common in general practice.

A MAMMOTH MIRTH-MAKER!

"JOHN BULL" SUMMER ANNUAL

68 Pages for Sixpence

To secure more and better doctors and nurses and give them a chance to study this mother-killing disease of puerperal fever, the hospital with which I am associated is going to erect a great new wing, containing twenty-five isolated beds for puerperal fever cases.

Dangerous "nurses"

In this new hospital, isolated from the fever block, there will be beds for paying patients, another great need of the present day, when the tiny home and little cosy flat are so common and so little suited to such an event as the birth of a child.

Again, too, we shall have beds into which women can be put for observation before the birth of their children, the cases being selected from among those which look difficult or dangerous, and much may be learned here from careful study by great experts of these ante-natal conditions.

An illustration of the need for more care on the part of doctors and a large increase in the number of fully qualified midwives is contained in a report made to the Ministry of Health by Dame Janet Campbell a few years ago, which resulted in new regulations and an extension of the time given to training.

Dame Janet Campbell instanced a report made by the Medical Officer of Health for Poole of fourteen cases attended by so-called "nurses."

Three of these cases resulted in the death of the mothers, two from puerperal fever and one from peritonitis.

How many people know that there are diseases which afflict women in childbirth which are so infectious that no maternity hospital can take the sufferers into its wards?

Why have we been so slow to erect special hospitals for the study of these diseases and the means of prevention and cure?

Better babies

When will our general hospitals realise that the main duty of a young doctor is to know all about the delivery of women in child-bed and the treatment of women before and after childbirth?

When these three things come about, when the public is better informed, when the hospitals study the special diseases of child-birth, and when doctors go out into practice better equipped with knowledge, then the blot and scandal of three thousand deaths per annum in Great Britain will be removed.

We who are interested in maternity hospital work are not crying out for more babies. We want healthier babies, and above all healthier mothers.

That is why we are delighted when we find an organ of public opinion like JOHN BULL coming into the open with a first-class exposure of facts and a demand for reform.

MAKING MURDER EASY

DISTURBING INQUEST FACTS

A Badly Bungled Act

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., the Home Secretary, though inconsistent at times, is by no means always wrong. Now and again he hits the right nail on the head with a resounding hammer-stroke.

Recently, he addressed a smart reproof to a coroner, Mr. S. W. Morgan, of Stafford, who had publicly expressed his fondness for holding inquests without juries.

For example, during an enquiry into the death of a miner killed by a fall of roof in the pit, Mr. Morgan declared that to have a jury was "an entirely stupid thing."

"He seems not to have considered," comments the Home Secretary, "whether those in the mining industry would be content to allow a coroner to decide in every case of a mining fatality whether there should be a jury or not; or the impracticability of limiting the discretion of the coroner in any other way than that adopted by Parliament."

Crushing rebuke

Another case cited by Mr. Morgan was that of a "drunken man" run down by a motor-car going "at five miles an hour."

Here, again, the learned gentleman would have dispensed with a jury, trusting his own unaided judgment to determine whether the case was one of manslaughter or simply of misadventure.

The Home Secretary was entirely right to rebuke this Star Chamber attitude of mind in regard to legal enquiries of first-class public interest; but the strange thing is that it never for an instant seems to have dawned upon his mind that the Coroners (Amendment) Act, 1926, passed into law at his own instigation, is open to precisely the same sort of objection in almost every line.

Indeed, it would not be unfair to describe this measure as the Secret Inquests Act. It embodies in an aggravated form the pronounced tendency of the Legislature in recent times to shut the daylight out of the law-courts.

Surely, this amazing Act of Parliament must have been engineered by some other "Jix" than the one who rapped Mr. Morgan over the knuckles for wanting to do his job in the dark!

For the Coroners (Amendment) Act not merely allows coroners, in certain cases, to dispense with a jury, but to dispense with an inquest altogether.

Straining at the gnat

If it is a case of someone being knocked down by a vehicle, as the Home Secretary accurately reminded Mr. Morgan, the law still compels an inquest; but if it is simply a matter of a man, woman or child dying for no apparent reason, and without medical attention, the coroner may, under the new law, please himself whether he holds an inquest or not.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks and his advisers, while straining almost to convulsions at the Stafford gnat, have swallowed this monstrous camel at a gulp.

Yet they were warned in good time of the appalling dangers attendant upon such a change in the law.

While the new Act was under discussion in the House of Commons, Dr. F. J. Waldo, the senior London coroner, pointed out that it would "open the door to grave abuses."

After it had been in force a few weeks, Mr. Surridge, the Manchester City coroner, said: "The Act has been framed by people quite ignorant of the workings of coroners' courts.

Dr. Waldo, who pointed out that new powers given to coroners opened the door to grave abuses

Why it is allowed to remain in force is beyond me."

Dangerous power

Perhaps "Jix" knows. Maybe he can explain why the Act, instead of simply limiting and regulating the liberty and licence accorded to coroners, already dangerously excessive, has extended and confirmed their arbitrary powers.

The power to hush up a sudden death, a possible murder or suicide, ought not to belong to any person whatever in a community which calls itself civilised.

As has more than once been pointed out in JOHN BULL, the ability of coroners to blanket death mysteries was bad enough under the old law; it is ten times worse under the new.

It will not be surprising if at any moment an outrageous scandal is brought to light.

A year or two ago a prominent business man was found dead in a London hotel, the coroner for the district being assured that the deceased's regular medical attendant was prepared to certify a long-standing disease, for which he had previously treated him, as the cause of death.

At that time of day such hugger-mugger methods did not "wash," and an inquest was accordingly held. Plain evidence convinced the jury that the case was one of suicide.

Had the doctor's perfunctory certificate been accepted, an assurance company would have paid out several thousand pounds.

It is more than likely that had the new Coroners Act been in force no inquest would have been held, and the true cause of death never ascertained.

Despotic officials

The man might as easily have been murdered by someone else as by himself, and yet, since May 1 last, when "Jix's" masterpiece came into operation, no inquest need have been held, provided the coroner for the district was satisfied, in the privacy of his own mind, that all was well.

Yet when a poor wretch is hanged by the neck till he is dead under the law of this Christian land, there has to be a jury empanelled to determine why he is no longer alive!

Seven months ago, in these columns, we condemned the new Coroners Act on the ground that it did not go far enough in diminishing the coroner's autocratic powers, his legal right to disregard the laws of evidence, to exclude the public, and even the Press, from inquests.

We now take leave to amend, or rather to amplify, our statement by saying that the Act goes much too far in enabling these despotic officials to override the legitimate public demand for full legal enquiry into cases of mysterious death.

A useful short preamble to the new Act would be: "Poisoning made easy."

Where there are clues upon which the police can act there may be no need for a coroner's enquiry, but in the past it has frequently happened that a public inquest alone furnished the material for the investigation of what afterwards proved to be heinous crimes.

Terrible risk

Still well remembered in legal circles is a case in a London suburb, where, after a formal verdict of "Death from natural causes," an inquest was reopened, the second jury returning the cause of death as antimony poisoning.

Such are the safeguards of which this bungling Act of Parliament robs the nation.

We are not enamoured of the average coroner or his methods; indeed, we would gladly see the investigation of mysterious deaths transferred to some other court, with firmer traditions and bound by strict rules of evidence.

The hushing-up of homicide is too terrible a risk to be passed over without protest of the most emphatic kind.

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—then please try some of this

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SHOULD A PARENT TELL?

A straight talk from a Father or Mother about the essential facts of life, Social Hygiene, and dangers to health, often unknown to young people, is the best safeguard parents can provide.

Thousands of responsible persons—PARENTS, TEACHERS, WELFARE WORKERS, CLERGY, etc.—have already been supplied with the means of enlightening children on the facts of life and the dangers of ignorance in sexual matters, a subject which must be dealt with in a tactful way.

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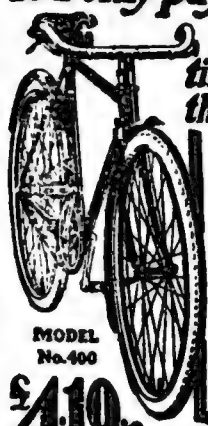

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AMAZING BLACKMAIL COUP

WE print here the first of a short series of articles which tell the story of some of the most amazing blackmail coups of modern times. As most of the characters are still living we have suppressed their names, but these are in the possession of the Editor, who vouches for the truth of the stories

THERE is at present living in the West End of London a man in the middle forties who will inherit an ancient peerage provided two not very healthy lives fail to survive him.

Educated at Eton and Oxford, his manners typify both places, although a period of service in a Guards' regiment plus some twenty years in the worlds of fashion and the Army has modified and humanised him.

He has a certain income of £200 per quarter. It is paid to him by trustees out of an estate, and it is so tied up that it is impossible for him to borrow on the strength of it.

But out of an income of £800 per annum he manages somehow to pay—and he is lucky to be in possession of a pre-war lease—£500 a year for a flat not a hundred yards from Berkeley Square.

As he lives extravagantly and denies himself nothing, it will be seen that he has to make by his own exertions a very considerable addition to his income. How he achieves this we will show by telling the story of one of his exploits, for he is a blackmailer of evil repute.

He has a partner, a girl of irreproachable character, exceedingly good-looking, and of position in Society.

The plan outlined

Briefly his plan was this. On a certain day the only son of one of the very wealthiest men in England was leaving London for Paris, where he was to stay two days before proceeding to the family chateau near Avignon.

It was an itinerary the heir to millions was in the habit of making at least three times a year, but on this occasion he was to have an experience which was to cost him a small fortune.

For a very beautiful and fascinating girl was to travel by the same train, get acquainted with him—he was notoriously susceptible to beauty—and spend the night with him in a hotel at Paris. The blackmailer left it to her to decide how and when to get on terms with her fellow-traveller.

The scheme succeeded. The pretty girl, obviously well born and well educated, stumbled over a piece of luggage in the corridor just as the foppishly dressed young man was emerging from his compartment.

Naturally, he caught her by the arm in time to save her from a nasty fall, and with equal naturalness she thanked him as they proceeded on their way to the dining-saloon. By the time they reached it they had discovered that each was travelling alone, and when the young man respectfully invited her to honour him by sharing the same table she agreed.

Dastardly move

That night, the heir to millions and the girl went to the same hotel and before they parted the following midday, they visited a jeweller's shop near the Opera House where she was provided with a costly souvenir of her adventure in the shape of a diamond bracelet.

The young man had been back in London only six weeks when to his amazement he received a letter from one of the leading solicitors in London informing him that the young lady with whom he had had an unofficial honeymoon in Paris was expecting a child, and therefore, on her behalf, he, the solicitor, wished to know what provision he intended to make for the girl he had so grievously wronged.

This was, of course, the crucial moment of the blackmailing campaign, but the blackmailer had clearly provided for it. He had anticipated that his victim, to whom money was no object, would employ private detectives to ascertain the history of the girl—that was why he had chosen a partner with an irreproachable past and of such social position that whatever compensation she accepted would have to run into many thousands of pounds to be commensurable with her great loss of prestige and reputation.

The two sets of solicitors, both of very high standing in their profession, argued the matter in person and through the post, and eventually it was agreed that the young man should settle the sum of £30,000 on his lady of the train.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, who in a recent case recommended victims of blackmailers to lay the full facts before their solicitors or the police

No shadow of suspicion

There were many reasons—these had been obvious from the beginning to the blackmailer—why the millionaire's son should prevent a public scandal; and as one of these reasons involved the possible loss of at least a million pounds it is not surprising that he should regard a cash payment of £30,000 as a sort of moderate insurance premium.

Throughout the correspondence the middle-aged sprig of nobility remained hidden in the background, while the girl behaved as though she did not exist.

The two partners never met either, and never wrote to each other until news of the settlement was conveyed by her to him over the telephone, but immediately the money was received, there was a meeting, the girl receiving £10,000 for her part in the campaign of blackmail.

It was a swift and clear-cut coup absolutely devoid of clumsiness and with nothing vulgar or loud in its execution. Everything was done in the most gentlemanly way. Both of the astute lawyers really believed that they were dealing with a case of an innocent young girl led astray by a hot-headed young man and that the latter was paying for a youthful indiscretion.

There was no hint at blackmail, no shadow of suspicion that behind the girl with the beautiful features, now saddened by sorrows, there was lurking one of the most dangerous and conscienceless scoundrels in Mayfair.

That was why the £30,000 was almost gratefully paid, and after a receipt in full had been given, a general desire expressed that the past should be forgotten.

About £5,000 of the blackmail had been spent when an opportunity presented itself for a repetition of the coup, the victim in the second case being an enormously wealthy Australian.

The procedure was on all fours with the first case, the girl making the acquaintance of the selected victim in the train to Paris, giving him twenty-four hours of her companionship, and three months later, writing through a firm of solicitors—not the same, of course—asking him what he was prepared to do to lessen the awful consequences of her terrible position.

Miraculous coincidence

But here occurred one of those miraculous coincidences which the most inventive novelists dare not give the world in the form of fiction. The wealthy Australian, who made a hotel near Charing Cross his regular headquarters when in England, was handed a bundle of letters by his valet one morning, and the first he opened was from the girl's solicitors.

The contents stunned him. He did not know many people in England, but that made it none the less undesirable that he should be associated with a scandal.

He had just persuaded himself that, however unpleasant it might be, he would have to consult a lawyer, when, in turning, his gaze met a brass plate containing a name with "Solicitor" underneath it.

Instantly and impulsively, he entered the building, and a few minutes later was giving a full account of his predicament to a man he had never before seen in his life.

The lawyer, perhaps the cleverest in London, listened with a grimness which slowly relaxed into a shadow of a smile, and when his latest client had finished, he leaned forward and said with a peculiar glance:

"You are an experienced man of the world and, therefore, you can read between the lines of what I am going to say to you. Don't pay a penny. You understand? Not a penny! I have special reasons for telling you that, but I cannot say any more. Good morning! No, I won't charge a fee."

Bluff and compromise

For that solicitor was actually the man who had represented the youthful heir to millions and had on his behalf handed over £30,000 to the girl whose alleged misfortune was the subject of the letter received by the Australian that morning.

Whether the Australian actually read between the lines it is impossible to say, for with his emphatic refusal to yield to the demand for money he passes out of the story and is never seen or heard of again. But the solicitor who had participated in the coincidence did a considerable amount of hard thinking, and the sequel was a determination to recover the £30,000.

He did not altogether succeed, the blackmailer and his partner bluffing for all they were worth, but eventually they compromised by returning £10,000, thus leaving a profit of £20,000 for themselves.

[Next week will be published the details of a case in which thousands of pounds were paid for the return of a single letter.]

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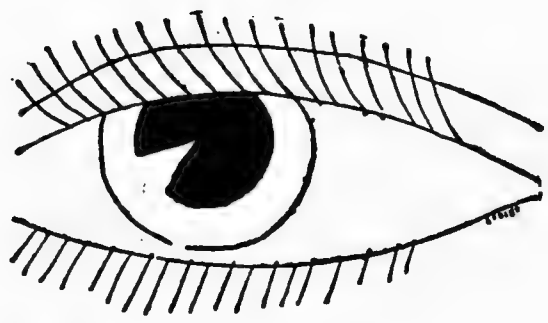

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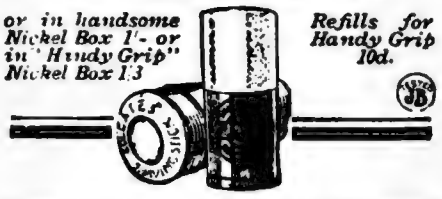

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In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

WHEN everything looks at its blackest, when even life seems not worth living, something happens—maybe a tragedy—that alters the whole outlook. Clouds are dispersed and the sunshine of hope and renewed endeavour returns

DEATH'S SILVER LINING

IT was a photograph which brought David Malcolm to his senses. I had called at his address in Waterloo Road wondering what I should find. I climbed up the dark stairway until I reached the top floor, and I sought an entrance through the forbidding door which confronted me.

I waited a moment before receiving any response, and then a voice called out angrily, "Who's there?"

When I told him who it was the key turned, the door opened slowly and I was shown into a gloomy attic. "You are just in time," he told me, and he laughed, a harsh and bitter laugh.

I noticed that he was trembling like a man suffering from ague, and that his eyes were like glass. "I am glad of that," I said. "We'll have a cigarette and a chat."

He offered me the only chair in the room, whilst he sat on the edge of the bed. "How do you feel now?" I enquired, and for answer he buried his head in his hands and started to sob.

For a moment I sat there, taking in the contents of that room. It seemed scarcely fit for human habitation. There was a small skylight which served as window and ventilator. The furnishings consisted of a bedstead, a broken wash-hand stand and a deal table covered with oil-cloth.

Nothing to live for

There was only one decent thing in the place, and that was a framed photograph over the mantelpiece. It was of a man, a fine-looking fellow in officer's uniform. I walked across to get a better view, and as I did so I asked, "Who is this?"

David Malcolm stopped his sobbing, unburied his face and came and stood by my side. "That's me as I was ten years ago," he said, "though God knows I shouldn't recognise myself now." I looked from him to the table on which stood a bottle and a glass.

"And a major of the British Army is so fed up with life that he seeks to end it," I ventured. For the bottle contained a poisonous disinfectant, and I guessed why he had been so agitated.

"Yes," he said frankly, "all the glamour of life has vanished long since, and after what has happened to-day there seems nothing to live for." But for a full minute he gazed steadfastly at that photograph until the animation came back into his lifeless eyes.

What a transformation!

I had a reason for going to Waterloo Road that night. During the afternoon a little girl of six had been knocked down by a motor-car. The driver at once stopped and conveyed her to the hospital, but alas! it was too late.

Half an hour later a sandwich-board man was standing by the still form of that little one. "This finishes it," he murmured, and a minute later he hurried away from the building.

It was that which led me to follow David Malcolm home, as I sensed that the tragedy of that afternoon might be followed by another before the day was over.

For a few minutes we remained there, and neither of us spoke. Then through the door came the sound of shuffling feet outside. A look akin to murder shot across that man's face. "She's here, the swine," he snarled. He opened the door and there came in a bedraggled creature, who flung herself on the bed.

For a moment I thought that Malcolm would do her some injury, but he simply shrugged his shoulders and sat down on the floor. "I haven't the strength to touch her," he said, "but God knows I should like to kill her," he added bitterly. And as I gazed on that scene my head swam and I felt sick.

When I left a little later I had a word with the caretaker. "I'll keep an eye on them," he promised me, but even then I trembled as I wondered what would happen before another day came round.

It was a week later before I saw Waterloo Road again. I had been called out of London and on my return one of my first duties was to visit David Malcolm. I confess that the scene which met my eyes was very different from that which I had visualised all the week.

Philip Inman

The little attic was the same and the scanty furnishings remained unaltered. But there was no poison upon the table this time. Instead David Malcolm was occupied with a collection of screws and coils and odds and ends.

By his side, watching him as he worked was his wife, a different being from the last time I saw her. "You're busy, Malcolm?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, "rigging up a wireless set." And for a few minutes I watched him at his task.

"You'll join us in a cup of coffee," he added, and I expressed my thanks. Mrs. Malcolm went to the floor below to fetch a kettle full of water, and whilst she was out of hearing her husband whispered to me, "Peggy's death has altered her. She's not tasted since, and she's promised faithfully to keep straight."

"Thank God," I murmured. And David Malcolm repeated fervently, "Aye, thank God."

The Sentence of the Court

THE SQUIRE AND THE WIRE

A Fence that Gave Offence

CHARGED with infringement of the People's Rights, Captain Trevor-Battye, Squire of Little Hampden, stepped into the dock, and at once proceeded to reinforce his position behind a barrier of wire-netting.

"The case," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the prosecution, "is one of supreme importance to the general public. All over the country landlords are fencing in local beauty-spots under the plea of protecting them from the ravages of visiting motorists. The defendant's is a case in point.

"From time immemorial the villagers of Little Hampden have enjoyed free access to a piece of land known as The Common.

"Recently Captain Trevor-Battye decided it was *too* common and at once proceeded to preserve it by enclosing it in a wire fence.

"When the villagers got the wire about the wire they not unnaturally got the needle. In their righteous indignation they uprooted the fence-posts and cut the wires.

"But Captain Trevor-Battye was not to be denied. The fence was re-erected to a height of 6 ft., and surmounted with a barbed-wire entanglement.

"The gallant captain defied the villagers to break through, but one or two public-spirited men dared to cut the wires, and have been threatened with the law in consequence. For the razing of the wire had raised the captain's ire."

* * *

For the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter submitted that there had been no infringement. His client denied that the land in dispute was common land, although it had been made so by the depredations of common char-a-banc parties.

Captain Trevor-Battye (continued counsel) had always been kind to the villagers and it was a poor return for his kindness to take offence at a fence. To show his munificence, the captain had erected a wire barrier instead of a wall, thereby according to the villagers a free view of the disputed territory. The open fence was proof of his open mind.

Although the wire kept the villagers out it also kept out the vile motorists, so that the sacrifice was fully justified. The people must be prepared to suffer for the good of the land.

"Unhappily, it is nothing out of the common for landlords to say 'Out of the common!' to the public," said Mr. Justice Bull, "for the manners of some lords of manors leave much to be desired.

"Having lost their grounds for grazing there is no doubt that the villagers of Little Hampden have good grounds for grousing.

When landlords cut such capers they must not be surprised if their tenants cut wires.

"How appropriate to this case are the lines in Gray's 'Elegy':

"Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

"The prisoner's fondness for wire having brought about his present entanglement, I direct that he shall be placed out of temptation's way for six months.

"During that time no wire of any description, not even a telegram, must be placed within his reach. He must go to sea as a wireless operator on board a common tramp steamer."

Words Winged to Women

CURATES IN SHORTS

by **MABEL HORNER**

"THE innermost essential of the child is soul," says Locke, the great philosopher; "to afford it opportunity to lift itself out of the limitations of instinct into the freedom of purposeful will should be the aim of all education."

ON my desk lie two cuttings from newspapers of recent date. One of these cuttings tells of three little boys at Market Drayton who chased a pony so long that it dropped down dead. Then they went and smashed fifty electric lamps. Brought before a puzzled magistrate, they declared that they had "done it just for fun."

The other cutting refers to a Portsmouth girl, a mere child of sixteen, who saw her "sweetheart" talking to another girl and in a fit of temper took rat-poison and ended her life.

The evil of child badness and child suicide is not new, nor is it confined to this country.

In America in recent years more than 1,200 students between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four have taken their own lives. In each year there has been an average of three a day, and 300 a year between the ages of fifteen and nineteen is considered the normal rate.

Puzzling question

Sir Henry Slesser, M.P., declares that "we are suffering from a breakdown in all the standards by which we can conduct our lives or tell our children how to follow after us."

That is worth quoting merely because it represents the view of many thousands of parents.

I have conversations with parents. I have letters from mothers. One such communication reached me the other day from far-away India. All are asking the same question: "What, apart from the facts of life, the things that can be proved by sight and hearing and touch, ought we to teach our children?"

To others, this aspect of child-training presents no problems at all. They have been brought up in some ancient faith, and they would die rather than not pass it on to their children. No matter what is called in question in these doubting days their children shall be taught the faith, and compelled to follow all its observances and get by heart its creeds and dogmas.

The beauty of this plan lies in its utter simplicity. For instance, at Kew, a most interesting experiment has just been made.

The Bishop of Kingston, who dedicated a chapel run entirely for children by children

In the old parish church there is a small chapel which forms the approach to the royal pews. This has been turned into a little church for children from five to fourteen years of age. These children form the choir, elect their own officers, secretary and treasurer, take the alms, read the Lessons, and do everything but preach. The services are crowded. The children love the importance of taking the lead.

This is all right so far as it goes. But there are many parents who could not subscribe to such a plan. They will not teach to children creeds in which they themselves only half believe. They do not want to teach their children anything they may later "have to unlearn." This, at least, is honesty, and an attitude worthy of respect.

But to take the line of least resistance and teach a child nothing at all but hard and dry facts of material things is to prepare for it a slippery slope that may lead to hell.

Parents who are puzzled must remember two things. One is that certain great attributes of love and gentleness and justice and hope are common to all religions. And the other is the possibility of holding up by the lives of great men and women, and by personal example, fine ideals.

Fools and victims

It is really and literally true that man does not live by bread alone. Our children come into a universe so full of wonder that it is positively criminal not to teach them reverence and awe. This they can learn through the marvels of nature, and the miracle of man's achievement in conquering nature.

Do not grumble if a child is "so strong-willed." A weak-willed boy is usually a fool; a weak-willed girl is often a victim. The thing is to train the will, for only those of strong and purposeful will ever accomplish anything.

If those miserable little boys at Market Drayton had been taught the long history of man's patient kindness that tamed the first wild beasts and bred the horse we know to-day they would never have chased that pony to death.

Had the poor little suicide of Portsmouth but known of the great things done in the world by dedicated women who forgot themselves in service of others she would not have ended her own opportunities by rat poison.

The untaught child, the cruel, destructive child and the girl "fed up" with life does not know enough. They have not been taught. And that is their tragedy.

The Godsend

A World of Difference

"THERE'S nae luck aboot the hoose when 'oor guidman's awa'" is one of the old songs that never stale, simply because it touches a chord in the human heart that is always there.

But even when the guidman is not awa', even when he is engaged in helping with the household work, luck does not always hold good.

Mr. Wm. Jas. Wilson, of 275, Kennington Road, S.E., was discharged from the Army in 1919. He had seen enough of "roughing it" and purchased one thing after another with hard cash, determined to make his home really comfortable.

Misfortune doubled

Then in one hour came a fire that might very easily have rendered all valueless, because, as he says, times have hardened, and, however small the loss, it is not now easy to make it good.

But Mr. Wilson did make it good, through being a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

Another registered reader, Mr. T. Whittle, of 58A, Castle Street, Coseley, Staffs., says that not only does luck sometimes give out, but he finds it true that misfortunes never come singly. He suffered an accident that led to four weeks' total disablement, and as though that was not enough, his wife was laid aside also with a serious illness.

Mr. Whittle "wrote to JOHN BULL about it," the wisest thing, in the circumstances, that he could have done. For his case, as a registered reader, was exactly of the sort the free insurance scheme is destined to help.

Mr. T. Ford, of South View, Hallatrow Road, Paulton, Bristol, was suffering all the privations of a long spell of unemployment, but having a bit of ground was at least able to grow some food.

A homely job, sowing onion seed and planting potatoes! Who would ever dream that either was fraught with danger? Yet in Mr. Ford's case so it proved. He stepped on a stone, twisted his ankle in falling, and severely fractured the bones above.

Truly, without the safeguard of being a registered reader, his position would have been unendurable. As it was he received the full benefit.

Finally, there is a story of real tragedy to unfold in the home of Mr. Charles Callon, of 80, Greenleaf Street, Liverpool. Mr. Callon is a baker and making and minding fires is one of the commonplaces of his business. But firewood has to be chopped, and Mr. Callon was busy at the job.

What happened was that a piece of wood flew up and struck his eye, actually piercing it, so that he has suffered its total and permanent loss.

Mr. Callon is a registered reader and received a cheque for £125, and his own words tell how it was appreciated.

"I must thank you," he writes, "for your courtesy and straightforward dealing. No amount of money can restore my eyesight, but your help is a veritable godsend and will enable me to have a much brighter outlook in the future."

Sign your name!

Those are brave words and the writer has our sympathy. But what if neither money nor sympathy could have been sent?

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HOLIDAYS!

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GIVES DEFINITE RELIEF, STOPS all PAIN in a few minutes and does IN ONE NIGHT that which other treatments seldom accomplish. This is the TREATMENT YOU WANT, no "ifs," no "buts," and no "conditions," just a clear and straightforward written

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Birmingham Branch — 90, WORCESTER STREET.

Human Documents

Foes to Friendship

Dangerous Sentiment—Unwanted Marriage—Spiritualist Folly

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"UNTIL recently, I was happy in the possession of a very dear friend whom I had grown to look upon almost as a sister. I first got to know her just as a neighbour who was in great trouble.

"She was ill herself, and her children were also ailing. Her plight seemed so pathetic that my heart was touched, and I did what I could to lighten her burden.

"I have a large family myself, but I managed to find time to do her washing and cooking and other household duties for weeks together.

"She always seemed so grateful that it was a real pleasure to be able to help her, and though at one time she suggested payment for my services, I would not think of taking it, and we remained close friends and to some extent companions or sisters in affliction.

"After a while, her husband being unable to obtain work, they decided to try their luck abroad. Having had some experience in that sort of thing before, I helped them to make their preparations and pack their belongings.

"I WAS almost heartbroken when they went, for I felt that I had lost one of the happiest friendships of my life.

"You can imagine how distressed I felt when, after they had gone, neighbours began to tell me that I had been greatly deceived regarding the character of the woman I had befriended. According to them, though she was fair to my face, she was anything but friendly behind my back.

"They say that instead of being grateful she told them that I was a nuisance, and even warned the incoming tenants of the house to have nothing to do with me as I would never be off their doorstep.

"I cannot understand all this or make up my mind what to believe. The woman told me herself many times that she might have died in her illness but for me, which is true enough, yet now my neighbours say that I was a blind fool not to realise that she was only making a convenience of me.

"The thought that one whom I really loved could be so deceitful hurts deeply. I cannot help feeling bitter about it, and if what the neighbours say is true I shall not be so ready in future to follow my impulse to help strangers in distress."

"HUMANIST" says: *There is no more insidious foe to friendship than jealousy, which it seems to me must be at the root of the trouble. Some ill-natured people cannot bear to see in others good qualities that they do not themselves possess, and try to kill the charity which is a reproach to them. Do not allow yourself to become embittered. Even if the woman you befriended were deceitful, remember there are higher rewards for loving-kindness than mere human gratitude.*

* * *

"FOR a long time I have been greatly perplexed to know what is my duty in rather unusual circumstances, and I should be grateful for your opinion in the matter.

Danger in a Dairy

"In this district there is a widow who, although she was left well provided for and has ample means to live on, so that she could be quite independent of any work, carries on a dairy business in a small way.

"She has two cows and sells milk and butter which she makes herself, doing this simply to occupy her time.

"The trouble is that she is suffering from consumption. While she is skimming milk and making butter she often has violent fits of coughing, and she merely covers her mouth with her hand until the paroxysm has passed.

"Her milk and butter go to a shop and are, of course, circulated widely among customers. To my mind, it is terrible to think of the children that may become infected with her malady.

"No doubt it would seem rather hard for her to give up the occupation she has had for a good many years, but there would not be the same hardship as if she depended on it for her living.

"Don't you think some steps should be taken to prevent a woman so afflicted handling dairy produce?"

"HUMANIST" says: *There is no room for sentiment in a matter of this sort. If you have reason to believe that dairy produce may be infected through being handled by one who is suffering from tuberculosis you should report the matter to the local medical officer of health, regardless of any inconvenience that may be caused to the dairy-keeper.*

* * *

"TWO years ago I was left a widower with three sons, the eldest of whom was a chronic invalid. Soon after my wife died I got a housekeeper who was satisfactory in every way but one—that is, she was unable, owing to an affliction of her own, to give my bedridden son the attention he needed.

Second Thoughts

"For my son's sake, as much as for my own convenience and happiness, I decided that it would be advisable for me to marry again. I approached a woman who has been a friend of the family for some years, and asked her if she would be my wife.

"She said she would be glad to accede to my request, but unfortunately she was already married, unknown to me. She has long lived apart from her husband, who deserted her, but in view of my offer she is now trying to get a divorce.

"A few weeks ago my son died, and one of the reasons why I desired to remarry now exists no longer.

"I have since carefully examined my feelings and I have come to the conclusion that married life with this woman would not mean happiness either for me or for her, as I have not the right sort of affection for her.

"Please advise me how I can get out of this difficulty and still retain my title of gentleman, a title which has, deservedly I think, been bestowed upon me by all my friends."

"HUMANIST" says: *The only manly thing to do (do not worry about your title of gentleman) is to tell the woman that after due consideration you fear marriage would not be for your mutual happiness. If she is sensible she will not wish to marry any man against his inclination.*

* * *

Saved!

THERE is wonderful satisfaction in picking up an S.O.S. signal and being the means of saving those who are sinking. You may share this satisfaction by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"FOR five years I have been keeping company with a young man. Two years ago we became definitely engaged, and started to save all we could with the view of marrying next year.

A Mischievous Spirit

"I have an aunt living near by who is very friendly with a spiritualist. She is not a fortune-teller; she only uses her gifts among very intimate friends.

"My aunt took one of my handkerchiefs to her and she told my aunt that my engagement was all wrong; that if I married my boy my life would be miserable as he did not care for me properly, and we should always be short of money.

"She said further that if I gave him up there was someone waiting for me who could make me far happier.

"The two years I have been engaged we have been perfectly happy together, and I cannot understand how my aunt's friend can possibly find out all this from one of my handkerchiefs.

"I have not told my boy anything about it, but it seems to be making a barrier between us, and I feel restless and unsettled."

"HUMANIST" says: *A great deal of mischief is caused by such reckless fortune-telling masquerading as spiritualism. I would place more reliance upon the instinct of a dog that growled after sniffing at a bad man's glove than upon the predictions of an evilly disposed or half-crazed woman regarding the owner of a handkerchief. Tell your boy all about it; it may be an ill-natured conspiracy against your happiness.*

* * *

A Shadow of the Past

"I have been asked by a local organisation to undertake social work among young people. In my own youth I was convicted of an offence, and I fear the matter might leak out to the detriment of the work as well as myself. Yet I am anxious to save others from a similar folly. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says: *A converted criminal may make a first-class missionary. You must, however, be perfectly candid with the officers of the organisation and tell them in confidence of the shadow on your past, leaving them to decide whether to make use of your services.*

Matter o' Money

"My wife seems to be bitten with a craze for saving money and wants to put our baby out to nurse and go to work herself so as to increase our balance at the bank. Do you think I ought to agree to this?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly not. What your wife suggests appears to me to be a travesty of matrimony and motherhood. Try to get her to look at the matter from the point of view of the child.*

Despicable Desertion

"My husband and I have quarrelled and now he tells me that he intends to go to Australia. I gather that he means to leave me and the children behind to starve for all he cares. What can I do about it?"

"Humanist" says: *Such desertion is despicable. Even if your husband cannot live in harmony with you, he need not be so cowardly as to run away from his obligations. Forestall him by applying for a maintenance order.*

FREE for B.D.V. COUPONS.

MOTHERS.
Get this genuine Thermos Flask. Latest model Non-drip lip. Useful for picnics—and on journeys, **Only 100 coupons.**

MEN.
A wonderful gift! Durham-Duplex Razor set for 20 coupons only. Complete with safety guard, stropping attachment, and one double-edged, hollow ground blade.

SPORTSMEN.
Tennis Racquets and balls. Good for match play! The Racquets are of seasoned English ash, well strung with good gut. 500 coupons. Three stitchless Tennis Balls—120 coupons.

GIRLS.
Pure Silk Stockings. All popular shades. They come high above the knee and are reinforced with double lisle tops, toes and heels. Only 140 coupons.

BOYS.
Save for the "Duke of York," L.M.S. Loco., as sold by Bassett-Lowke Ltd., Northampton. It is a perfect scale model. Only 260 coupons. Make it the first item in your B.D.V. Railway system.

Send for the Free B.D.V. Gift Book NOW.

Simply collect the coupons (found generally at the back of every packet) of B.D.V. Cigarettes and post to:

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. 70), 54, White Lion Street, E.1.

10 for 6d. **B.D.V.** 20 for 11½d.
CIGARETTES
"—just like hand made"
Plain or Cork Tips

G15.

For INDIGESTION I took CICFA

(which supplies Stomach and Bowel DIGESTIVE FERMENTS)

"Now I eat whatever I desire. I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which relieves others may not suit **your** case, because **you think yours is different**—and your symptoms may be different—but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is a shortage of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments one person suffers with Acidity, Heartburn, that Feeling of Fullness, Coated tongue, Headache, Bad Complexion, Flushed Face, etc.; while another suffers from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, and Constipation, with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, they can be removed ONLY by a remedy which supplies NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

In CICFA you have such a remedy, one in which those Ferments are active, so that digestion is restored in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa relieved him and that his words are true.

NOW READ THE TESTIMONIAL.

Tufnell Park, N.

"Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion remedy, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 3d. tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is most wonderful, and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really removes Indigestion as Cicfa has removed mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter, those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain remedy. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

19,128 BRITISH DOCTORS

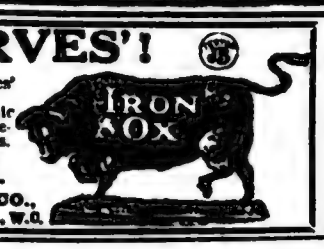
have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can confidently begin taking it at once.

Sold Everywhere, Prices 1/3 and 3/

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke Street, Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

John Bull, 30/7/27

'NERVES'!



Don't let 'nerves' ruin your life. Iron-Ox tiny tonic tablets have relieved thousands.
At all Chemists 1/3 & 3/-
IRON-OX CO., 87, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

There's something on page 34 that you must not miss.
Turn to it NOW!

Yeast is Life!

Make this the best Holiday you have ever had—

take Irving's Yeast-Vite *Tonic Tablets with you!*

To get the utmost out of your holiday, you *must* be fit. The change of food, the long walks, bathing, tennis, etc., will put a strain on your system. The *proven* way to counteract this is to take IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TONIC TABLETS. Their action is little short of marvellous—bright eyes, healthy blood tingling through your veins, and a general feeling of well-being will be your reward. All Chemists and Stores stock YEAST-VITE. Get a supply to-day!

Read what Users say:

28,028—G. A., West Ealing: I am delighted with the effect of Yeast-Vite Tablets, as I have been very run down, anaemic and depressed for some time and already so much better, activity being increased.

28,026—N. M. T., Bristol: I am writing to say how perfectly marvellous are your Yeast-Vite Tablets. They are indeed a pure "Health Restorer," apart from stopping neuralgia within five minutes after having pain for weeks.

28,012—A. D., Sandiacre: I have been a sufferer from headaches and stomach troubles until I tried your Yeast-Vite Tablets, and I am glad to say, after two doses, I have received great benefit from them. I shall always recommend them.

28,023—Nurse L.: I suffer a great deal with headaches, which make me irritable and very miserable, but whenever I feel them coming I just take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel a different woman. I shall never be without them now.

28,039—Mrs. N., Surrey: When I started taking Yeast-Vite I was quite ill and not able to do my work or take any food but milk. Now I can do both, and advise my friends to sample them as they have done me so much good.

28,047—A. J. G., New Cross: I feel I must write in appreciation of the benefit I have received from Yeast-Vite. For many years I have been subject to colds at the least change of temperature, and a continual sufferer of headaches, but now I am glad to say I have never felt better in my life.

28,025—N. McD., Worcester: I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for years, and get very little sleep with pain, but I find if I take two Yeast-Vite Tablets at night they soothe my nerves and I get a better night.

28,044—E. R. F., Kensington: As a sufferer of over twenty years from severe morning sickness and nerve trouble, it may interest you to know that your Yeast-Vite Tablets have relieved me. I have tried every remedy with no result, until I saw yours. I was better after the first few doses and have continued ever since.

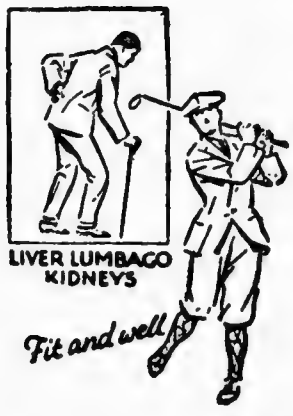
28,022—Nurse S. F., Gloucester: A wide experience of your celebrated Yeast-Vite Tablets enables me to speak in the very highest terms of their efficacy.

28,010—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and I have tried quite a number of different Tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal Yeast-Vite.

28,024—Nurse H. H., Stockport: I gave Yeast-Vite to a patient of mine and the result in two weeks was marvellous. She was extremely tired and listless, but since taking the Tablets (three a day) she walks four or five miles without any form of tiredness.

28,033—J. G. D., Wolverhampton: There is nothing to equal your Tablets as a pick-me-up. I find my general health improved to such an extent that I feel 20 years younger.

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets contain no harmful drugs. They are guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients. An eminent specialist has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B. *YEAST-VITE is rich in Vitamin B.* When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.



Don't let Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, &c. spoil YOUR Holiday.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. ..	in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence	in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression,	in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza, Colds, Fever	in 24 hours

CAUTION!
Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

OUR GUARANTEE
Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

TESTED JB

Irving's **Yeast Vite** *Tonic Tablets*

THE LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

Bullets Prize-winners

(*Continued from page 35.*)

E. J. JUPP, 104, St. Catherines Road, Southampton. SAID TO THE UNEMPLOYED—"YOUR *References* TOO OLD."

W. RAIN, 10, Brooklyn Street, Murton S.O. BETTER—WORK, WITHOUT WORKER BETTING.

E. L. TAYLOR, 43½, Blind Lane, Silksworth, Sunderland. LUCKY ESCAPE—BORE'S AUDIENCE WANTED TOO.

100 Winners of £1:

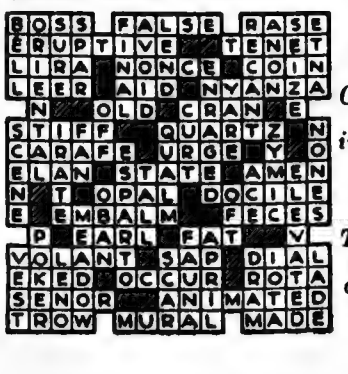
R. W. Bailey, 94, Stanley St., Rosehill, Willington; W. Barham, 50, Malvern St., Newcastle; Mrs. H. Barnes, 135, Mill Rd., Cromer; T. Bennett, 34, Oswald Terr., Grangetown; Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Ockbrook, Fosse Way, Syston; F. J. Bramwell, 10a, Queen's Rd., Evesham; A. Brown, The Turk's Head, Lalebam, Staines; H. Buckley, 79, Stockport Rd., Levenshulme, M/c.; Mrs. C. L. Bull, 2, St. Hilary Terr., Devonport; J. Burton, 41, Skeffington Rd., South, Preston; J. E. Calverley, 35, Walburgh St., St. Georges, E.; J. Campbell, 7, Phillip St., Londonderry; Miss M. Carlton, 409, Mare St., Hackney, E.; C. A. Carney, The Homestead, Hoyland, near Barnsley; T. Chambers, 5, Beck Side, Workington; A. Clarke, 20, Larkhall Rise, London, S.W.; W. R. Clay, 7, Serlby Rise, Nottingham; Mrs. A. Collett, 98, Reservoir Rd., Erdington; G. T. Collier, 160, Rodbourne Rd., Swindon; A. F. Cox, 53, Hambro Rd., Streatham; W. F. Crabtree, 58, Heidelberg Rd., Bradford; E. B. Crampton, 15, Oxford Av., Blackpool; F. G. Creswell, 16, Silver Cres., Gunnersbury; Mrs. A. Cuckson, Mattersey, Bawtry; D. W. Davies, c/o 30, Northcote Rd., Stetchford; B. Dickerson, 97, Cromwell Rd., Rushden; R. Dixon, "Claremont," Crookings Lane, Penwortham; Mrs. A. Douglas, "Belmont," East Parade, Whitley Bay; H. Dowling, Fulford Rd., West Ewell, Surrey; J. F. Farrell, Almorah Villa, Queenstown; W. H. Farrer, 153, Upper Lewes Rd., Brighton; W. A. Flew, Stonegates, Firle Rd., Peacehaven; J. Foley, 35, Sumner Rd., East Molesey; J. H. Follows, 25, Stepney St., Llanelly; J. Ford, 48, St. Alban's Rd., St. Anne's-on Sea; W. H. Fowler, 17, Ealing Park Gdns., Ealing; E. Francis, c/o Sterlings, Merthyr Tydfil; T. Fryer, 52, Walton St., Colne; W. Galloway, 42, Fourth Av., Fazakerley; Mrs. S. Gibson, Danyns Hall Farm, Upminster; A. Goode, 2, St. Alban's Rd., Moseley, B'ham; G. H. Grace, 38, Clyffe Av., Welling; D. H. Graham, 46, Greenheys Drive, S. Woodford; Mrs. A. Hamilton, 110, Mayall Rd., Herne Hill; Mrs. J. Hannam, Stour Provost, Gillingham, Dorset; J. Harris, 412, London Rd., Thornton Heath; Miss M. Hart, 56, Aubrey Rd., Bristol; F. G. Hastings, 106, Lansdowne Pl., Hove; J. Hatty, 27, Paulet Rd., Camberwell; E. Henry, 3, Henry St., Walsall; T. Holt, 1, Norfolk Av., Burnley; A. Honess, Royal Oak, Herston, Swanage; M. Hoyle, 55, Newsome Rd., South, Huddersfield; Mrs. E. F. Hughes, 275, School Rd., Yardley Wood; J. W. Hutson, 71, Milkwood Rd., Herne Hill; E. Ingall, 19, Primrose St., Gainsborough; R. J. Jeffreys, Ivy House, Neath Abbey; W. J. Johnson, 54, Fernlea Rd., London, S.W.; Mrs. G. Humphreys-Jones, P.O. Cwmcarn, Cross Keys; T. Jones, 242, Bellhouse Rd., Sheffield; J. Keevill, 11, Bolton Terr., Worle; Mrs. F. Kempster, "Victoria House," Freshwater Bay; Miss Kirk, Dovedcot St., Stockton-on-Tees; R. Kirkness, 21, Jemmett Rd., Ashford, Kent; Mrs. Luff, 15, Winchelsea Rd., Hastings; J. MacIntosh, 4, May Terr., Wishaw; Mrs. A. Maidment, Stoke Rochford, Grantham; W. Meader, 94, Grove St., Southampton; A. J. Merrick, 14, Gaza Cotts., Bulford; K. G. Millard, June Lane, Midhurst; F. Newland, Newent, Gloucester; E. Offin, Stede Court, Biddenden, Kent; G. W. Page, 11, Rose Terr., Greenside, Ryton; Miss E. I. Parker, 38, Bridge St., Uttoxeter; W. Pemberton, 90, Bridget St., Rugby; Mrs. F. C. Pike, High St., Shefford; H. Pollard, 69, Coleridge Av., S. Shields; G. Penn, Sheering Mill Rd., Sawbridgeworth; H. Pringle, 5, Front St., Grange Villa; E. H. Radford, 416, Lordship Lane, Tottenham; R. A. Rogers, Eastleigh Court, Bishopstrow, Warminster; G. F. Roberts, 52, Unity St., Belfast; W. E. Roberts, 2, Bridge Rd., Belmont Junction, Durham; Mrs. E. J. Sheldon, 86, Canonbury Rd., London, N.; Mrs. N. Simpkin, c/o 4, Tyne Terr., N. Shields; Mrs. E. Smith, Chadborne, Parton Rd., Churchdown; Mrs. H. E. Smith, 107, Allington Av., Lenton; W. A. Spooner, 123, Greys Rd., Henley; E. C. Steer, 65, Macoma Rd., London, S.E.; W. Sutton, 23, Annesley Rd., L'pool; W. Swainston, 38, Fenton St., Boosbeck; H. Swanborough, 183, Wood Lane, Chippenham; J. Swinn, 8, Lilys Av., Hull; W. Walker, 468, Belcher's Lane, Ideal Village, B'ham.; W. R. Ward, 29, Flaxman Av., York; R. J. Watkins, Bungalow, Clarkville, Pontnewydd; A. W. Willis, 22, Dawes Av., Isleworth; S. Wills, 159, Fawcett Rd., Southsea; J. R. Wolfe, 23, King Edward St., London, S.E.; A. E. Young, 35, High Lane, Haslemere.

A Complete List of 200 5/-, and 1,000 2/6 Prize winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 642 will be shown in the window of Mr. T. VICKERY, Shaw Heath, Stockport.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 643 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

Our Letter Parliament

Worse than Widows

Greedy Workers—A Slogan Slogged—Railway Blindness

MR. ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT, in "The Woman Pays!" (JOHN BULL, July 16), claims that the one-sided and unjust position as at present in force should be abolished and something more equitable substituted. Too long has the man responsible been able to evade his share of the burden. If Parliament got busy in an endeavour to make the burden of the unmarried mother easier, it would be something very much to its credit.—*H. C., Warminster.*

Just Demand

Should a married man with a family, through unemployment, be unable to support his children, he is often punished for his inability as though he were guilty of a crime, while the father of a sweetheart's child, too mean and contemptible to feed his own offspring or marry the girl, clears out to repeat the offence elsewhere. What the mothers and fathers of this land should demand is a law making the parties concerned legally married from the date of proof of conception.—*John Pounds, Portsmouth.*

Wicked Boast

The woman pays, always has paid, and always must pay, with her body and soul. But surely her partner in sin ought to be made to pay through his pocket. Yet it is astounding to find the number of men who not only get women into trouble, but who contribute nothing to their unfortunate victims' upkeep when the child arrives. Some of these cads openly boast of their cleverness in being able to dodge payment of money due to the too-trusting women they took in.—*Woman Reader, Scotland.*

Saving Knowledge

There are two facts which remain ignored in "The Woman Pays!" The woman's consent is necessary before illicit intercourse, and, secondly, she bears the greatest burden arising from the indiscretion. Undoubtedly, the real remedy is to teach girls before they reach puberty the real facts concerning birth, and thus fortify them against risks which might otherwise be ignorantly taken.—*May W., Devon.*

Women Know

Things will never be remedied for our girls and young women until the magistrates' Benches are occupied with as many women magistrates as men, and until our cities and towns are served more by women police. A greater number of these would soon compel our laws to be altered so that the rascally evil-minded men would have to do the paying in publicity, thus making the punishment fit the crime.—*J. H., Lanarkshire.*

Bounce and Bluff

While the world smiles, benignly tolerant, upon the "peccadilloes" of the man "sowing his wild oats," the poor unmarried mother must take up her burden of suffering, calumny and scorn. Throughout the ages woman has helped man to run this supreme "bluff" upon her kind. Will Mr. Arnold Freeman Holt's article arouse her to the fact that it is time the "bluff" was "called"? I doubt it.—*W. A. R., Inverarie.*

Lighter Burden

Even when in affiliation cases orders are granted, severe action is seldom taken to make the man pay. Besides the usual weekly allowance, he should be compelled to pay the whole cost of confinement, and his goods distrained upon should he try to evade payment. Even then the man's punishment would be lighter than the burden carried by the woman.—*M., Sunderland.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Ungratified Desire

"The Gate of Ghosts," by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, in JOHN BULL of July 16, should be read by all. It is a disgrace to our country that nine years after the war so many poor folk have never had an opportunity to see the graves of their loved ones. The French Government grant free travel tickets each year to relatives who wish to visit soldiers' graves. Why cannot the British Government do likewise?—*Ex-Soldier, Berks.*

Two-Job Men

On reading Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article on the acute unemployment at Brixham, I wonder when anything definite is going to be done to alleviate this distressing curse. All Parties have tried and failed, but none seems to mention the fact that, if those with full-time work were debarred from doing spare-time jobs for wages, here alone would be full-time work for thousands of our workless. Also there are married women workers, with husbands in good work, whose places could be filled by others.—*W. B., Beeston.*

Workers Jib

That the workman's objections to labour-saving machinery are unsound, as Mr. Norman Angell, in JOHN BULL, avers, is undoubted. But one cannot deny that from the immediate economic standpoint the worker has a case. A thing may be theoretically perfect, but if its effect is unemployment one can hardly expect their enthusiastic support. Let provision for displacement precede the change-over and much of the objection and bitterness will disappear.—*McI., Stoke.*

Nature's Rebuke

It's a lovely, quiet summer evening, the scent of my garden flowers is beautiful, the moonlight creating an effect fit for any artist to paint. In the background are six beams from searchlights, and Army flying machines are practising night-flying, for the benefit of future warfare. What a contrast!—*Peaceful, Surrey.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LIVERPOOL DAILY POST":—"Accompanying it were fifty men and boys EATING TEA TRAYS, KETTLES AND CANS and shaking petrol tins filled with stones."

"THE LONDON TEACHER":—"Representations had been made to parents as to the bad condition of the boys' teeth SINCE 1292."

"MALVERN GAZETTE":—"The fire brigade received a call at 5.38. They turned out at 4.3 and found the cottage practically gutted. The brigade arrived back at 5.30."

"GALLOWAY ADVERTISER":—"To clean a discoloured enamel teapot or kettle, use boiling water with a TEASPOONFUL OF WATER IN THEM and rinse well with cold water.

"DAILY MAIL":—"The cat was in the dining-room where fire had broken out and, after taking HIS WIFE AND SMALL BOY out of danger, HE called the fire brigade."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"Green Gooseberry Jam.—To every pound of fruit allow 1 lb. of sugar and 1 pint of water. Boil the fruit and water together for 15 minutes, THEN ADD THE BERRIES."

Preaching and Practice

Is it not time our Government showed us a lead, and lived up to the slogan of "Buy British Goods"? Recent figures given by Lieut.-Colonel Headlam show that of the 464 typewriters in the offices of the Admiralty, 440 were manufactured in the United States and 24 in Canada. No wonder our trade depression moves slowly.—*P. F., Orrel Post.*

Official Ignorance

During a recent mining case in the High Courts it was stated that a late Inspector of Mines had never known a case of miners working naked save for bathing drawers. Yet 90 per cent. of the Doncaster district work in this way. The bathing drawers are what are called in this district "pit drawers" and are made of calico. Is this official's ignorance another example of the way in which the Government carry out their work?—*Wondering, Doncaster.*

Who Gets the Profits?

As an unemployed ex-Serviceman, I am always out for an honest shilling. Last week in Covent Garden market, I bought five bags of cabbage (each averaging 30 lbs.) for 9d. per bag. I sold the lot at a penny per pound and was well pleased with my day's work. In the same market-place there were quite twenty vegetable stalls and shops and at not one of these places could one get cabbage at less than 2d. per pound. This answers the question, "Who gets the profits?"—*Fair Play, London.*

Rent Relief

The decision to retain the Rent Restrictions Act in force for another year is a great relief to thousands of readers. The persistence with which the urgent need for this course has been emphasised in JOHN BULL has undoubtedly been a big factor in the matter. As one concerned, I venture to express my thanks.—*M. H., Berry Brow.*

High and Low

The other day I purchased a "1lb." pot of marmalade at a well-known store (catering mostly for the poorer classes) only to discover on reaching home that, although the price was just as high, the weight was just as low, the only difference being a label stuck insolently across the top bearing the words, "Not sold by weight."—*J. B., Walthamstow.*

Postman's Knock!

I am not a postman. Many times during the day, however, I wonder why it is not made compulsory by law for landlords to provide "letter-boxes"—the slit through which letters, etc., may be pushed. One passes during a day many hundreds of houses in the poorer districts unprovided with such convenience. The postman's labour is doubled and his lot made well-nigh unbearable on wet or snowy days.—*R.S.P.C.P., Coventry.*

Road and Rail

The railway companies complain bitterly of unfair road competition, but rigidly close their goods-yards gates at 5 p.m. and keep them closed until 8 a.m. Goods are often held up for days. Meanwhile, the road transporters get on with the job and deliver the goods.—*O. F., Sharrow.*

Cheap Meals

Recently it was decided to increase the salary of the Mayor of Cardiff by £2,000. Practically at the same time it was announced that the out-relief granted to unemployed would be cut down, which meant that in a family of two or three meals would run to about 2½d. per head.—*J. W., Lytham.*

Gifts for "John Bull" Readers

THE next issue of "John Bull" will contain a remarkable double page advertisement — perhaps the most striking advertisement that has ever appeared in "John Bull." The enterprising proprietors of Bar-One—the famous pure Virginia 10 for 4d. Cigarette—are offering gifts of remarkable quality to "John Bull" readers. Their gifts are of a class far beyond those of the ordinary prize scheme. Scores of letters are received by the Bar One Proprietors each day from "John Bull" readers who are amazed at the quality of the gifts they have received.

Amongst the free gifts offered are all of Edgar Wallace's latest novels, gramophone records of the latest musical hits, cameras of such quality that their users win snap-shot competitions, and clocks that would be an ornament to any mantelpiece.

But it is impossible to catalogue the vast series of gifts. It will suffice if readers remember to give careful attention to the great Bar One advertisement in our next issue.

A Fortune for 1/-

WOMENS HOSPITAL BALLOT

in aid of

THE ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON HOSPITAL

£2000

IN PRIZES

PRIZE FUND.

First Prize	£1,000
Second ,, ...	£500
Third ,, ...	£100
Fourth ,, ...	£50
Twenty Prizes of	£10
Twenty ,, ,,	£5
Fifty ,, ,,	£1

THE PRIZE MONEY has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

TICKETS 1/- each

or Book of 12 Tickets to sell to your friends, 10/-

SEND FOR A BOOK TO SELL

Address all communications to—

The Manager,

WOMENS HOSPTIAL FUND,
20, Corner Buildings, 47, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C. 1, ENGLAND.

Douglas Stuart (Scot.) Ltd.

rules an Empire of satisfied punters."—
John Bull.

CESAREWITCH

AND

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED.

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT
ON SINGLES, DOUBLES,
ACCUMULATORS.

✦ ✦ ✦

DON'T DELAY,
WRITE TO-DAY.

5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.

DAVID COPE

ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.,
25, North Albion Street,
Glasgow, C.1.

LETTERS

Letter commissions accepted from 1/- upwards, in accordance with our rules.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
WINNINGS BY RETURN.
NO LIMIT. NO DEDUCTIONS.
BEST PRICES ON FUTURES.

ALL CLIENTS PLEASE NOTE:—
Place Betting for Ante-Post one-fourth the odds: for S.P. one-fourth the odds 1-2, if 5, 6 or 7 runners; less than 5, all on to win; one-fifth the odds if 8 or more runners.

THE TOTALISATOR

(Founded 1900.)

Head Office: ST. ANDREW SQ., EDINBURGH.

TELEGRAMS: "TOTAL, EDINBURGH."

LETTER COMMISSIONS POSTMARKED UP TO SET TIME OF RACE ARE SOLICITED.

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED AS A MINIMUM IN DAILY POOLS.

DAILY or WEEKLY SETTLEMENTS.

EBOR HANDICAP, ST. LEGER.

Third Pools, Singles and the Double Event close August 22.

Best Market Prices Guaranteed on future events

Full particulars, Book of Rules, List Ante-Post Pools, etc., sent on application to either London or Edinburgh.

Credit Accounts—London Office:
18, HOWICK PLACE, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.
'Phone: Victoria 7924.
'Grams: "P rimute, London."

THE "GOODS" FOR GOODWOOD

Follow the Fortunes of C. Peck—Try Try Again Once More—Embargo for the Chesterfield Cup—A.P.'s Saturday Meeting—High-Priced Youngsters—The Time Test

I DO not think backers will go far wrong at Goodwood if they follow the runners from C. Peck's stable.

THE Foxhill trainer's patrons—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. and Mr. S. B. Joel—are very keen on winning at the popular Sussex fixture. This can be said of most owners at most meetings, but in the case of the Joels' horses, the "good" things come home to roost.

C. PECK had four successes at Goodwood last year, all at extremely satisfactory prices. Black Knight and Begue both started at 100 to 6, Oojah at 100 to 7, and Browside at 4 to 1. A few more as good as these, and punters will look forward to settling day.

I NOTICE that the name of my old friend Try Try Again pops up once more in the Goodwood Stakes. She did not run in the Summer Handicap at Newmarket, won by Alacrity, as she went amiss on the morning of the race. Mr. Carr's mare has my vote.

AT the moment of writing it is not known if Foxlaw, the hero of the Ascot Gold Cup, goes for the Goodwood Cup. If Sir Abe Bailey's splendid stayer faces the starter I cannot see a likely conqueror. In his absence, the Duke of Buckingham may pop up at a nice price. Taylor's horse is a fine stayer and has been improving all through the season.

WEISSDORN, the German St. Leger winner, is among the acceptances for Friday's big event, the Chesterfield Cup. Baron Oppenheim's horse has had a good rest from racing and should run like a giant refreshed.

HE will have a tough nut to crack in Embargo. The latter is a champion over ten furlongs, and is built on lines to carry big weights. In the Cup he is asked to shoulder 9.11, and I think he is up to it. Warden of the Marches — 9.8 — won this event last year.

ALEXANDRA PARK on Saturday is the calm after the storm. My selections for the frying-pan races are Quick Time, Cadno, Script, and The Pilot, but I shall not blame punters who back all Gordon Richards' mounts.

Gordon Richards, the "Ally Pally" course specialist

FRANK WOOTTON, in his heyday, was the A.P. course specialist, but I doubt if he could have given Gordon many points. His mounts at the meeting early this month showed a profit of eighteen points.

SPARTLETON, who has won over the A.P. track, may pop up again. This eight-year-old has done good service for several owners. At one time Mr. A. C. Harris possessed him, but he was purchased out of a seller by Frank Hartigan. He won for the Weyhill trainer and Mr. Harris re-bought him. He scored again for Mr. Harris and later was obtained by the Hon. G. Lambton, for whom he won at Ally Pally. Spartleton is by that fine sprinter, Diadumenos.

MY Northern Correspondent tells me that he will not be surprised if Primrose League, the Lanark winner, puts up a sequence of successes for "Dobson" Peacock. The gelding was bred by Lord Astor, but Taylor could not induce him to win a race for the Manton patron and he was sold out of the stable. Peacock paid a stiff price, but he has not made a bad bargain.

A NUMBER of enquiries have reached me concerning the Hurry On-Ecurie colt, for which the Aga Khan gave the record price of 17,000 guineas. This youngster's name is Feridoon, and so far he has not run. Saracen, for which 12,000 guineas was paid, and Parwiz, 10,000 guineas, have also to make a first public bow.

YOU can make a note of Tag End for a sprint in the near future. This smart three-year-old is one of Mr. J. B. Joel's purchases. He hails from Ireland, where he won five races straight off the reel. In one five-furlong event with 10st. 7 lbs. up, he recorded the very fast time of 58 3-5 secs. In the Molyneux Cup he lost lengths at the post.

FITERARI, the Grand Prix de Paris winner, is to be entered for some of the big handicaps in this country, and Mon Talisman is to be entered for the Cesarewitch. The running of either depends on the weight allotted.

THE lottery of breeding is exemplified in the experience of Mr. A. K. Macomber. This well-known sporting millionaire has spent half-a-million a year for the past eight years in trying to breed classic winners from the best available stock. He has entered more yearlings for classic events than any other living man, and this year, when he had the largest entry of all, not a single three-year-old shows promise of being above plating class.

A GREAT deal is heard about time tests these days. I am all for following fast horses—they generally pay their way—but the clock is not so reliable as some of its enthusiasts make out. The nature of the course, the state of the going, and the wind direction are all-important factors.

TO make the clock of real value to punters, we should adopt the system in use on the Longchamps course. There, races are timed in sections. Every 200 metres is clocked and, as a result, owners, trainers and backers can tell the best distance of the competitors.

GOLDEN ARABY will never win a race on any but straight courses. With a hill to climb, or come down, she is a hopeless proposition.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

U H N F J 2 M C R O K G E T

D A Y I Q Z 3 S B V L X W P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. TKHNRVN would read PLAYBOY.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 27, to Tuesday, August 2.

Hot Dogs to Follow

DOGS throughout the country are being "tuned up" with a view to becoming candidates for the £1,000 British Empire championship race that will take place in September. In consequence, for some time to come, we shall perhaps, have a higher standard of efficiency all round than ever before.

THIS being accepted, it is necessary that care should be taken to follow only those dogs that are known to be keen and thoroughly to enjoy their work.

AMONG these we would place prominently Red Ronald (Mr. G. A. Westcott), Poll Collector (Col. H. Birkett), Kaffir Leader, owned by the Marquis of Blandford, and Early Bather (Mr. P. M. Stewart), all of which are operating in the London area.

AT Manchester, there are several who should be consistently supported, no matter in what class they are included. Brilliant Course (Mr. E. A. Vivian) is rapidly improving in track tactics, and should soon commence a winning sequence.

To be up-to-date in Racing read

"The Sporting Life"

For All Sport. 2d. Daily.

THEN Earl James (Mr. G. Reeves), Royal Lancer (Miss E. Ryder), Knave of Clubs (Mrs. C. Clarke), and Marsworth Ruby (Mr. Burton) all possess speed, and an ability to go "all out" in a desperate finish.

THIS is a point frequently overlooked by backers. It is not the "flash" animal, who perhaps wins by "a street" on one occasion, but when hotly challenged invariably collapses, which should be followed, but the animal that runs its race from start to finish.

THERE are one or two of these in the Birmingham Kennels. Cedric (Mr. P. Walmsley), Straight Line (Mr. C. Keighley), Regular Charm (Miss E. Cartwright), Patsy Fast (Mr. H. Meyer) and Canna Boy (Miss Owen Mason), are all in this category. 'Nuff said!

WE also hear good reports from Liverpool of Miss Pauline Frederick's Raby Dazzler, Mr. F. Dunkerley's Glencagle and Mr. Hoyle's Abbey Lady for the flat events, while Real Manna (Mrs. Alice Munro) over hurdles has not yet revealed its true form.

OUR prophecy as to Charlie Cranston (Mr. W. E. Stewart) was quickly verified. It was impossible for so good a dog to run inconsistently for long, and now he has again shown the way to all others he should be supported on every possible occasion.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Fresh Youthful Skin And Live Healthy Hair

Kept so by Cuticura. Regular use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment as needed to soothe and heal any irritations, will keep the complexion fresh and clear and the hair healthy. Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and refreshing, is ideal for daily use.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 2d. and 3s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

CLOTHING BARGAINS ON EASY TERMS

Suits to Measure. RAINCOATS.

Order your Suit from a reliable firm of experts (established for over half a century). We can submit a comprehensive range of patterns for Suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit, perfectly tailored and delivered free within 7 days. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc. also supplied from .. **32/6**

1/6 WEEKLY

SPORTS WEAR. BOYS' SUITS.

The latest Wool Tweed Sports Coat, in all shades. Guaranteed real hard wearing. Flannel Trousers, mill shrunk. In Beige, Prune, Light, Dark and New Silver Grey. Can be supplied on Easiest of Easy Payment Terms.

We are also offering special line in Boys' Three-piece Suits, in sizes 2 to 8 from 1/6 weekly.

STYLE, FIT and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Send for Free Patterns, Style Leaflet, and Self-measurement Form NOW.

LINO, CARPETS HANGLES, CYCLES etc., also supplied.

The B. & C. CO., (Dept. J/5), Universal Providers, SOUTHAMPTON.

PILES

Nurse Burke, of 36, Meadow Road, Loughton, writes: "A patient of mine was greatly troubled with Hæmorrhoids, and after using a tin of Germolene, she is quite free from them now. I shall be only too pleased to recommend Germolene to anybody who requires a good healing ointment."

Germolene has had many notable successes in the treatment of this painful complaint. Directions are given in the Treatments Booklet with every tin. Keep Germolene handy for all skin troubles—Ulcers, Bad Legs, Eczema, Ringworm, Cuts, Burns, etc. Get a 1/3d. box to-day. Use also Germolene Aseptic Soap to protect and condition the skin. 1/- per tablet. Guaranteed by the Vene Drug Co. (1925), Ltd., Manchester.

TESTED JB

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Only 2/- NOW & THE BIKE IS YOURS

MY 1927 LISTS show astonishing reductions in price of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model **ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID.** Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for **FREE LISTS,** showing biggest and best selection of bikes.

Edward O'Brien Ltd
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
Dept. 9 COVENTRY.

2/- WEEKLY AFTER YOU RECEIVE THE MACHINE

LIVE & LET LIVE POLICY Versus Cut Throat Competition

ENGLAND'S TROUBLE—ASPRO THE PROOF And ANSWER—SUCCESS SUCCEEDS

BRITISH workmen are acknowledged the best in the World. The proof is in the article they produce. That is the basic fact. Before the Workmen, or Employer, or Britain itself can get the benefits of this skil the article produced has to be sold and money received in exchange. To sell it people have got to know about it. The man in the street will not respond to vague assertions. He wants facts. He will purchase on facts. This is the basis of successful modern advertising. Publish your facts. More facts, more sales.

BRAND YOUR GOODS SO THAT THE PUBLIC CAN RECOGNISE THEM ANYWHERE, then the British Workman will get the benefits of his labours and his firm and country can reward him.

"ASPRO," now the universal medicine of the world, has proved this up to the hilt. It has seen good British productions in other countries, and this smashed up by Cut Throat Competition, just because it has failed to produce the facts of its superiority—and Brand.

Manufacturers of England who recognise this will obtain a fast standard and a fair price—a price which will provide good wages for his workmen, fair value for the Public, and a reasonable profit for himself. The superiority of the product can always be kept up to high pitch. Ignore these factors and industry becomes the victim of Cut Throat Competition—it cannot pay its employees decent wages and ultimately fizzles out.

Although "ASPRO" is such a wonderful medicine—its use is universal—it would never grow but for its Live and Let Live policy of price standardisation and service to humanity. Its price is reasonable, its service great, its quality dependable, its results sure, and its uses too numerous to particularise.

CRUTCHES DISPENSED WITH—REMARKABLE RHEUMATIC RECOVERY—PAIN GONE—NOW CAN WALK.

READ THIS: Mr. W. Diver Swann, of 19, Bath Terrace, Newington Causeway, London, S.E., writes: 3½ years ago was stricken with Rheumatism—not able to use my hands—couldn't walk without crutches lent by Vicar of St. Andrew's Church. Last resource purchased some "ASPRO"—result first day had a good night's rest, continued treatment 6 tablets per day and was able to walk with one crutch, at the end of second week dispensed with second crutch. Now can walk free from pain. The chemist who sold Mr. Swann the "ASPRO" was Mr. Bennett, of 79, Union Road, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

Owe my Health to Aspro

S. E. Ammon states: "I owe my health and having no pain at any time to ASPRO. I get terrible nerve pains at times but thank God ASPRO relieves my sufferings every time."

Doubt Dispelled

Arthur Newton, of Reading, doubted efficacy of all advertised Medicines, but says "ASPRO produce miraculous effects in case of acute neuralgia. Pain vanished entirely and has not returned."

Neuritis Out!

Mrs. Chapman, Twickenham, states: "After suffering for years from acute Neuritis, found immediate relief and remarkable recovery."

Sure, Cheap & Good

A. H. Scago, Sutton, suffered greatly with toothache. ASPRO banished it. They are sure, cheap and good, he says. Suits all pockets.

Nurse's Eulogy

Nurse L. M., of Brockley, finds ASPRO very good in relieving pain. Considers Sanitape packing excellent. Recommended them to friend, who says: "Would not be without ASPRO for anything."

Pains go In Half Hour.

E. Foulkes says: "Must write and tell what I think about ASPRO. Pains in face and head were terrible. Got no rest. Took 3 tablets and within half hour pains were gone. Pains were awful, but ASPRO relieved them. Shall continue with ASPRO for Rheumatism, as I feel sure I shall get relief."

ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO BRINGS DEFINITE RELIEF IN 5 TO 10 MINUTES FOR

6d. Per Packet

HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
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IRRITABILITY
INFLUENZA
COLDS
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER-EFFECTS
NEURITIS
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TOOTHACHE
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

1/3 Per Packet

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Agents: **GOLLIN & CO. Pty. Ltd. (Aspro Dept.), 23, College Hill, London, E.C.4**

Telephone: City 5540.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

TESTED JB

BARRED!

Ill-health locks out more happiness than all the prisons in the world.

DON'T LET ANAEMIA, LASSITUDE, NERVE PAINS, NEURASTHENIA RESTRICT YOUR ENJOYMENT

Many girls deprive themselves of half the joy of life through the delusion that they are constitutionally weak. To them every little ill seems a terrible complaint which paralyses their activity, robs them of the energy to work or play. They are the captives of a fallacy that modern science has exploded. To them we say:

"You should be fit. You *can* be fit. You can be fit enough to live the strenuous life of the average modern girl if only you will do two things—enrich your blood and nourish your nerves. Lift the depression of ill health by taking a simple course of treatment. Every day, for a fortnight, take two Dr. Cassell's Tablets before each meal. These will help you in three ways—improve your digestion, replenish your nerve cells with essential nourishment, improve the condition of your blood." Don't, for a day longer, permit illness to bar out life's pleasures. Dr. Cassell's hold the key to free you from this irksome bondage. Start the treatment *to-day*.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

The Recognised Treatment for

OVERSTRAIN. SLEEPLESSNESS STOMACH DISORDERS. NEURASTHENIA. CHILDREN'S WEAKNESS. BREAKDOWN. NEURITIS MALNUTRITION. WASTING. HYSTERIA. NERVE FATIGUE. BRAIN FAG. INDIGESTION. PALPITATION. KIDNEY WEAKNESS. ANÆMIA. NEURALGIA. HEADACHES. NERVE PAINS.

Sole Distributors: VENO DRUG CO. (1925) LTD MANCHESTER

Of all Chemists. **1/3** Family Size 11/-

WHY REST YOUR LEG?

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS.
VARICOSE ECZEMA.
SORE LEGS.
SWOLLEN LEGS.
PAINFUL JOINTS.

If you suffer from any of these or any other Leg Trouble, Tremol is the right treatment.

Think what Tremol means to you — No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well.

Let every Sufferer remember this -

TREMOL TREATMENT CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME, WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY. YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH. RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent, free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS. — Tremol relieves you of all leg worry in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER**, describing your case, and the book **WILL BE SENT FREE.**

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultation to sufferers who call.

Post this Coupon to-day or call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)
NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

JOHN BULL Replies

THOUSANDS of readers have had their peace of mind restored by following the advice given by JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Whatever trouble you may be in, send particulars (written in ink), enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and the best course to follow will be willingly pointed out by experts.*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

L. T. R. (Goole).—"I pasted the wall-paper on myself." Why not on the wall?

L. G. (Melton).—"I was attacked in the back." Sciatica or a motor-car?

A. W. (Aldershot).—"I find life in the Army very boring." Too much drill?

F. L. (Oxford).—"It's a hard world." After all this rain?

A. Y. (Leeds).—"A Leeds crowd enjoys a cricket match." Yorkshire relish.

M. N. (Owestry).—"I am the ninth child in our family." Then you are one over the eight.

M. J. E. (Amersham).—"I put on a false moustache, as I wanted to give the children a surprise." Did it come off?

M. M. (Manchester).—"I never care how I take my morning bath." Hot, cold or for granted, as the case may be.

L. S. L. (Crewe).—"I'm working at this job for all I'm worth." Thank goodness there's one man satisfied with his wages.

B. J. (Hendon).—"The weather is exceedingly trying." We wish it would try a darn sight harder.

F. W. (St. Albans).—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And half a touch of scandal makes it chin.

F. M. (Soho).—"One day doctors will provide us with artificial hearts and stomachs." In fact, we'll be reorganised altogether.

BOB (Colchester).—"When at the seaside I am always sorry for the donkeys on the sands." It is nice to know that brotherly love is not dead.

M. C. (Devonport).—"A girl likes to marry a man who is prudent and cautious." But this kind of man generally doesn't propose.

T. D. K. (S. Africa).—"Negroes are wearing more clothes now than formerly." Probably shocked by our modern girls' fashions.

F. K. (Streatham).—"My daughter is getting quite a smart cricketer." Perhaps one day she'll bring off a really good catch.

R. P. (Ealing).—"During the thunderstorm, I was afraid the 'bus I was riding in would be struck by lightning." But surely it had a conductor?

MRS. T. (Swindon).—"You can't dispute that more than half the men in jail are bachelors." They choose the lesser of two evils.

MRS. L. (Leominster).—"You know who it is finds work for idle hands to do." If we did we'd introduce him to the Ministry of Labour, as that's the chap they're needing.

B. T. (Rhyl).—"My brother was run over, but he will recover." How much?

R. T. (Halifax).—"My neighbour's dog is a savage beast." Cross bred.

R. Y. (Eton).—"No wife would ever order me about." A bachelor, of course.

M. L. (London, S.W.).—"It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels." Lawyers find it does.

G. N. (King's Cross).—"Every birthday she gives me a bowler hat." She believes in making her presents felt.

G. M. (Hackney).—"A piano warehouse caught on fire near here." We suppose the firemen played on the instruments.

F. M. B. (Woolwich).—"My wife is mad about the summer sales." They make a man lose his balance, too.

S. M. (Lambeth). — "Boxers are generally upright men." Some finish by being horizontal.

L. B. (Penge).—"When he is angry he has the strength of two men." Naturally. He is beside himself.

TAILOR (London, W.).—"I have solved the secret of making a coat last." We suppose you make the trousers first.

A. E. (Hove).—"She married her dentist and he treats her like a queen." Gave her a golden crown?

H. N. (Hadlow).—"I wish to make several complaints." It's not the grousing season yet.

S. M. (Paddington).—"Snails are eaten in some London restaurants." In others, they wait at table.

G. M. (Battersea).—"Household bills are heavy burdens." But the electric one is light.

L. A. (Boxhall).—"I'll conclude as my pencil is blunt." Your letter has no point either.

A. B. (York).—"I can't bear the new chairs my husband bought." Can they bear you?

GEO. W. (Cardiff).—"He gave me a bunch of forget-me-nots from his garden." Do you owe him anything?

L. S. (Lincoln).—"My husband was late for the office three times running." He'll have to run faster.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"The public don't know a good picture when they see one." How lucky for you.

B. J. C. (Hornsey Rise).—"As I finished my speech, the whole audience rose at me." And did you get away safely?

C. F. (Ferndale).—"The burglar was surprised by a jobbing gardener who had come extra early to work." That was enough to surprise anybody.

H. R. (Swindon).—"In spite of all my work in the garden, my raspberries and currants are a complete failure." We condole with you on your fruitless labour.

H. L. (Sidcup).—"I have had to instal a new sanitary system in the house I have bought, and the cost of it has nearly ruined me." We suppose you didn't expect such a drain on your resources?

S. A. (Cowfold).—"I know a conjurer able to get two kinds of wine out of one bottle." That's nothing. Many a grocer can get six different priced teas out of the same chest

J. T. (Bath).—"How can a lawyer succeed?" It needs practice.

M. M. (Westcliffe).—"My wife is a silly ass." Obviously. She married you.

O. M. (Hull).—"I am learning book-keeping." That's why many people don't like lending them.

P. P. (Peckham).—"A Scotch friend of mine writes free verse." We cannot credit your statement.

T. M. (Hull).—"I earned £9 a week last year." We will refrain from giving your address to the income-tax authorities.

T. I. (Walton).—"The barber asked me if I wanted a hair-cut." Did the silly ass think you wanted your throat cut?

H. G. N. (Crewe).—"I always enquire how old Mrs. Jones is." What's it got to do with you how old Mrs. Jones is?

W. W. (Dover).—"My grandfather has never seen a motor-car." Possibly that's why you've got a grandfather.

E. S. (East Ham).—"I know an artist who always paints in the nude." He must be hard up.

M. Y. (Trowbridge). — "The race problem is a serious one." Can't you spot 'em?

B. K. (Dundee).—"I told my lodger he had better board elsewhere." Well, perhaps he had.

L. E. (Bradford).—"My banker takes a real interest in me." Ours takes real interest from us.

M. S. O. (Walsall).—"My girl says she is saving her kisses." Add a few to her collection.

B. B. (Wigan).—"I believe in putting my foot down." So do we when we have a leg to stand on.

S. R. (Folkestone).—"Pluck will carry you through." But one should be careful whom one tries to pluck.

G. S. (Yarrow).—"I think billiards a ripping game." Then we shan't invite you to play on our table.

THEATRE-GOER (Piccadilly).—"I object to the entertainment tax at theatres." We agree some of the plays aren't worth it.

J. E. (Stratford).—"I have to take my holidays in the back garden this year." Put in a little spade-work on *Bulbs*. We're forking out £400 and 100 Holiday Fivers this week.

SAPPER (Aldershot).—"I saw a man recently on the top of the flag-pole in the married quarters." Perhaps his wife was spring-cleaning.

L. N. (Sydenham).—"Wives should never let their husbands stay out late at night." This would make it awkward for married burglars.

F. M. (Mitcham).—"It rained off and on during the whole of the cricket match and I failed to score in either innings." Just the weather for ducks.

N. T. (London, N.W.).—"I was in my bath when the postman knocked, so I slipped on something and went down stairs." A piece of soap?

F. M. (Albury).—"I caught a cold through standing with my bare head on the damp ground." Why didn't you stand on your feet?

E. P. (Grantham).—"My doctor has prescribed a change of climate." Then you can't do better than remain in England.

A. F. (Box Hill).—"I come from a very old and respected family." Why?

T. D. (Yarm).—"I play by ear." Unfortunately we listen that way.

B. M. (New Brighton).—"I shouted for them to sit down in front." But were they built that way?

M. R. (Sheffield).—"My wife bought a dress on the instalment plan." Hope she didn't wear it that way.

Miss T. (Kensington).—"I went to a big summer sale last week." So that's where the summer has gone, is it?

D. C. (Polegate).—"I should have written a longer letter, but am suffering from toothache." Your pain our gain.

S. O. (Newmarket).—"What will win the Derby and the Oaks next year?" A horse and a mare.

MOLLY (Acton).—"The girl who thinks herself too good for boys of to-day is right." Until she finds herself left.

LENA (Bolton).—"I am sure he loves me alone." Most lovers love a girl that way.

MRS. J. (Glasgow).—"In times of trial what brings the greatest consolation?" Acquittal, dear lady.

MRS. S. (Leeds).—"He wrote nice letters, but never sent me onefar thing." He treated you with unremitting kindness.

M. J. (Edinburgh).—"A native here swallowed a shilling, and it was taken out of him by an operation." We will bet he had to be chloroformed first.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Answer the appeal of

"John Bull"

SAVE THE MOTHERS

Ten Million Sixpences wanted for

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL

Mother-Saving Campaign

YOU CAN HELP

Write for small metal pocket sixpenny collecting cradle. Get it filled and win a beautiful Queen Charlotte's Medal.

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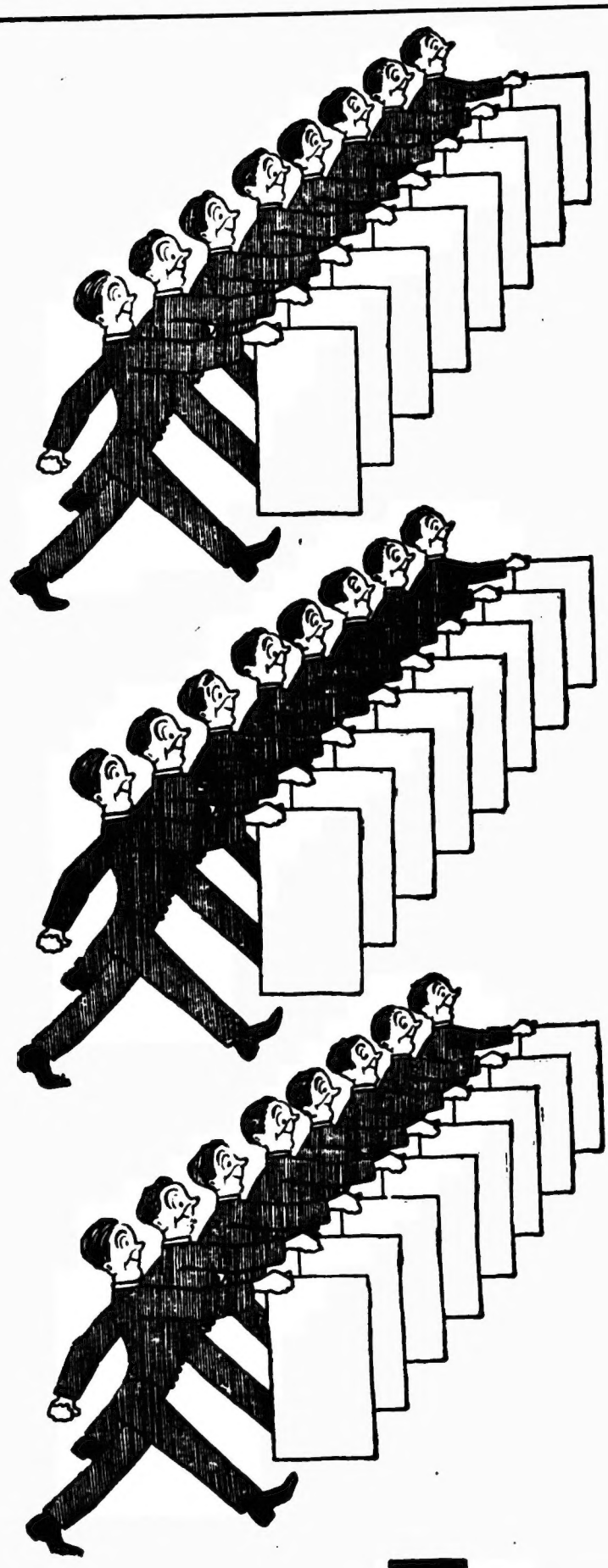
Apply at once—the supply is limited—to the Secretary, 5, Cosway Street, London, N.W.1



Pages and Pages of Smiles!

If you want to have the laugh of your life, get the "John Bull" Summer Annual to-day. Here you will find pages and pages of smiles and good reading—just the thing to put you in the right mood to get the most out of your holiday. The following is a brief summary of the good things you will find inside :—

40 Joke Pictures by the Best Artists, 15 Complete Stories by famous Authors, including masterpieces by Edgar Wallace, "Seamark," Ashley Sterne, Kathlyn Rhodes, Dale Collins, etc., etc.

And to crown all, there's a wonderful cover in four colours by Gilbert Wilkinson. Every "John Bull" Reader should make a point of getting "John Bull's" Summer Annual—on sale everywhere—price 6d. It will help you to forget your worries and it will shorten the longest railway journey!

JOHN BULL
SUMMER ANNUAL
68 pages—6d.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

An Ex-Soldier's S.O.S.

Keeping the Bailiff at Bay

"WOULD you kindly help me and my wife and six little children (all under fourteen) to keep the roof over our heads? The bailiff is coming on Tuesday at eleven o'clock to put us out if I do not pay the rent. I have nothing left to raise money on, or I would not ask. I trust that you will help for the children's sake."

An appeal such as this, which we received last week, demanded instant enquiry.

It proved to be the old, sadly familiar story of a man who had served his country in time of war finding himself and his family regarded more or less as cumberers of the earth in days of peace. His small pension was quite insufficient to provide for his wife and little ones.

Odd jobs brought in money to buy frugal fare week by week, but permanent work was hard to find, and the rent inevitably fell into arrears.

A man poorly nourished is always susceptible to illness, and he fell a prey to pleurisy and pneumonia which laid him aside for three months.

As soon as he was convalescent he resumed his search for work and obtained a job which he hoped would be permanent.

Just when the clouds seemed to be dispersing they closed together again, and the prospect of relief from his burden of debt vanished.

The job lasted only six weeks, and he found himself compelled to apply to the guardians for assistance.

Such help as they granted, however, was not enough to lift the shadow of eviction which hung over the home and the day grew nearer when the bailiff must be expected to carry out his sorry task.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund, as in so many other cases, proved the life-line to save this stricken family in their despair, and, with the bailiff kept at bay, the poor fellow is able to continue his search for employment with renewed courage.

We earnestly beg our readers to help us by their subscriptions to continue and extend this work of succour among the helpless and distressed.

All donations are devoted to the work of relief without any deduction whatever.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Anonymous (Govan), 2s. 6d.; M. E. Merrow, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; G. G., 10s.; Hannell, 1s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; C. F. Rowthorn (Coventry), 5s.; W. Bayliss (Evesham), 1s.; Mr. W. Wheeler (Eastbourne), 5s.; T. H. Nelson (Collecting Box), 4s. 10d.; Mr. Sydney Hadfield, 5s.; Robt. R. Woolley, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Joseph Beck (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; E. G. W. (Surrey), 2s. 6d.; J. B. R. (Witham), 2s.; J. N. S., 9d.; One Who Has Known Pain and Suffering, 2s.; Rifle Brigade, 5s.; A Vow (Carnforth), 6s.; E. N. Thornton (Stockport), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; Bullets (Sid), 2s. 6d.; Arthur O. Mills (Rhos), £10; Fred Burn, 2s 3d.; Mr. George Hawkins (Hanham), £1 10s.; Mr. A. Pavey (Lucksheath), 2s. 6d.; In Return, 1s.; Bullets (Hadleigh), 6d.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; For Luck (Holbeach), 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Doreen, 6d.; E. H. Woodlands, 1s.; Fay M. Ollett (Chesham), 5s.; K. B. (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; Fish and Chips (Exeter), £3; Anon., 1s.; S. Parkes (St. Andrews), 1s.; East Sheen, S.W.14, 2s. 6d.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 6d.; The Ninth, 1s.; L. G., 1s.; Mrs. C. Crimp (Southwark Park), 8s.; Mr. A. Stapley (Forest Gate), 1s.; Mr. Oswald Bolton, 10s.

Parcels of Clothing are gratefully acknowledged from :—H. H. (Northampton), Mrs. Hawkins (Westcliff-on-Sea), Kind Thoughts, L. C. (Littlehampton), Miss Maisie Wilcox (Leigh-on-Mendip), Mrs. R. Bushnell, A. V. Scullard, E. M. W. (Blackheath), Mrs. R. Troward, Anon. (Weybridge), Mother of Three, Mrs. R. Bushnell (Bristol).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

100 HOLIDAY FIVERS

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6

2nd Prize £50

1st Prize £400

3rd Prize £25

100 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

WIN A 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY!

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | **10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES**

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 643.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. T. FINDLAY,
Block 15, Longpark, Kilmarnock.

Example :—ARMAMENTS RACE
Bullet :—" ARREST "—DON'T " RUN IN."
(Entered on '" Target " Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. T. D. DAVIES, Pagnell, Chequerbent, near Bolton.
Example :—YOUNG ENGLAND
Bullet :—OUR HOPE—WHAT'S THEIRS?

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. COATES, 38, Birkin Avenue, Nottingham.
Example :—ARMAMENTS RACE
Bullet :—STILL PROGRESSES—STILLS PROGRESS.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. J. FRYER, 15, High Street, Dolwyddelen.
Example :—PEACE AND PROSPERITY
Bullet :—SISTERS—LET'S BE BROTHERS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. P. STANILAND, Floral House, Werrington Peterborough.
Examples :—PLAYING FIELDS
Bullet :—" BUILDERS " ESCAPING OTHER BUILDERS

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. JAMIESON, 1, Camperdown Villas, Prestonpans, N.B.
BETTER—MORE WATER *Without* IT.
S. JENKINS, " Denny," Somerset Way, Iver, Bucks.
MOTHER NATURE—*Men's* CLOTHES SHOCK HER.
W. J. KINGSBURY, " Bidston," London Road, Strood.
WOMAN OF TO-MORROW—UNLIKE MOTHER, UNLIKELY MOTHER.
(Entered on " Target " Prize Coupon.)
A. T. KIRK, 112, Dovecot Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE—HAD TWINS—WIFE, TRIPLETS.
Miss H. R. MCINNES, 19, Mitchell Street, Crieff, Perths.
OUR GREATEST NEED—AIRY HOMES—NOT AERODROMES.
S. J. O'REILLY, 372, Canterbury Street, Gillingham.
MAN AT THE WHEEL—CAN'T STOKE SHIP TOO.
F. PRICHARD, 90, St. Julian's Farm Road, London, S.E.
YOUNG ENGLAND—MAKING MISTAKES—DIDN'T WE?
M. RUBEN, 105, St. Mark Road, N. Kensington, W.
YOUNG ENGLAND—BETWEEN DEVIL AND *Overseas*.
C. SMITH, 5, Sunny Bank Road, Bankfoot, Bradford.
BITTER BLOW—" YOU'VE *Had* LAST DANCE!"
F. TIBBETTS, 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough.
THE ECLIPSE—PUNCTUAL—MOON'S OCCUPANT, MAN.
(Entered on " Target " Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

V. BLAMIRES, 7, Leyburne Street, Bradford.
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE—ANYHOW, SHE DOES *Listen*.
W. COTTINGHAM, 34, Adelaide Street, Shildon.
WHEN I'M AWAY—WIFE'S SUSPICIOUS—HOME, Boss.
P. CROSSLEY, 32, Duckworth Terrace, Bradford.
WITH A SNORE—FEW IN SALVATIONIST CONGREGATION.
J. FEBER, 186, Littlemoor Lane, Oldham.
WOMAN OF TO-MORROW—READY THE DAY AFTER.
(Entered on " Target " Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. G. FOSTER, 2, Sitwell Street, Derby.
THE NATION'S SAFE—BUILT IN EMPIRE'S " WALL"
W. E. GROVES, " Clapper," Wimborne Road, Poole.
SEEN BY THE SEA—DOCTOR ENJOYING RIVALS' " TONIC."
Mrs. J. HINDMORE, 8, Killermont Street, Glasgow.
SAID TO THE UNEMPLOYED—TYPIST—" PLAIN COOK WANTED!"

(*Continued on page 28.*)

EXAMPLES FOR " BULLETS " No. 645.

REACHING THE TOP
TOUCHING
HOLIDAY WEATHER
SAID TO THE BATHER
THE VERDICT
WHY I'M POOR
MAKES TIME FLY
PRACTICALLY
OUT OF HER DEPTH
MY EXPERIENCE
FOR A REST
HARD TO FACE
ABOUT TIME
BABY OF THE FUTURE
FORGETTING
SEEN ON THE PROMENADE
NO GOOD
IF TRUTH WERE TOLD
SITTING STILL
AT HER BEST
FOR SPORT
HEARD AT THE STATION
A SECOND
WOMEN
IN LIFE'S GARDEN
HER GRIEVANCE
WHAT THE DOG SAID
IN AUGUST
ONE DAY
WHY HE SAID NOTHING
LEAVING HOME
WHAT IS THE SEASIDE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize-winners were :—

Example :—WHAT IS A VOTE? *Bullet* :—" SECRET "—BUT " EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS."
Example :—WORTH WATCHING *Bullet* :—MANAGER—WHEN REVUE ISN'T.
Example :—SILLY ASS *Bullet* :—LETTING MONEYLENDER SUPPLY " OATS."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 645," John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.(Comp.)

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.**
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Example _____
Bullet _____
(645 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

MORE HOLIDAY PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

128 BOVRIL Sandwiches

this size can be made out of a 4 oz. Bottle of Bovril

How to make a BOVRIL SANDWICH :—

Just spread Bovril from the bottle between two slices of bread and butter—thinly, because Bovril is so highly concentrated. Bovril Sandwiches made with Hovis Bread are specially delicious

Bovril Sandwiches are delicious very Nourishing and so Economical

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